Major General Ambrose Everett Burnside

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THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

GRAVES OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

Written in the Soldiers' Cemetery at Alexandria, Va.

BY W. G. STEWART.

No fragrant shrub attracts the passer-by
Where lie the volunteers in wakeless sleep,
Nor stone requests the tribute of a sigh
O'er tombs where loved ones may not come to weep;
But reverent Nature whispers near their mounds—
The boughs are gentler swaying in the wind,
While shadowy beings seem to tread the grounds,
And make their presence felt to mortal mind.

A story, fraught with sadness, they relate
Of mothers, sisters, lovers, lone and lorn.
From whom, by iron, unrelenting Fate,
All ruthlessly, forever, they are torn;
But there is heard no accent of regret,
Glad, loyal, patriotic, is the voice:
"The armed against our Government we met,
'Twas ours to fall; thus, dying, we rejoice."

Tread lightly here; this was the only son
Of widow, who ne'er ceased for him to pray;
Her pure existence in the world was done
When came the news: "He's fallen in the fray!"
And there a husband's darling body lies—
He left a bride the very day they wed,
Who, raising her pale face 'neath distant skies,
Thanks God she married one so nobly dead.

Linger in silence; 'tis a hallowed spot,
Around these grassless graves of volunteers;
Unenviable in life their humble lot,
With highest officer they now are peers.
The greatest General of triumphant field,
When dead and buried in the earth's cold banks,
The worms repast more sumptuous does not yield,
Than lowliest private fighting in the ranks.

Ten thousand sighs are wafted on the gales,
From far-off land, of tears and wild unrest;
All registered in Heaven are the wails
That spring from many a loving, surcharged breast;
Not an emotion of the human heart
Escapes the notice of that Holy Son,
Who pain endured of each terrestrial dart,
To sympathize with every suffering one.

The sun has sunk in blaze of orpine west,
The whip-poor-will repeats his sad refrain;
The cattle cease their lowing, go to rest,
And I must seek the peopled haunts again.
My thoughts take wing toward Heaven, from earth they fly,
I meet the giddy throng reluctantly—
Oh, if my country serving, I should die,
With volunteers, here let me buried be!

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.

OVER.

BY W. E. KNOWLES.

The dream is over!
No idle hopes disturb my peace;
And now I must forget the rover,
Who asked, last night, for his release.

I feel no sorrow!
A pensive joy is in my heart;
And he will little dream, to-morrow,
It cost a pang, to-day, to part.

The dream is over!
My lips have said that it shall be;
And now the faithless, wayward rover
Is free to stray away from me.

Wilson, N. Y., 1862.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

THE SKELETON IN THE HOUSE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY SYDNEY HOLMAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET," "UNSERHEIM," ETC.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

Christmas morning! The gray dawn struggled through the night, lit with streaks of golden russet and rose—the wind that had howled and moaned like a spirit of evil, died away in the mountain gorges—the snow had ceased to fall early in the night; now it lay in solid white upon the valleys, fringing every fence-rail and bough, and glittering faintly on the peaks of the distant mountains where they caught the reflection of the early dawn. Christmas morning! There was a fresh purity in the air, in the soft fallen snow that covered the earth, which seemed to return a silent echo to the angel's song, "Peace on earth, and good will towards man." The newly-lighted fires in one or two of the cottages in Orth threw forth light wreaths of smoke, but that was the only sign of life.

Within those little cottage chambers, where the pure gray light was peeping, slept, oh how many childish hearts, throbbing even in their dreams with pleasure at the thought of the brightest day of all the year, Christmas. In the cottages and in the farm-houses, where it had been waited and watched for these long winter months; where were stored away, even now, the savory viands, the turkeys, the mince-pies, the uncounted, uncountable compounds destined by the housewives to smoke upon the Christmas table—where hung over the children's beds the stockings which the hands of Christkindchen had filled, ready to greet their opening eyes—the dim morning light brought a fresh pulse of pleasure to every heart. Christmas morning! The day when Christ was born! That life must have been cold and dead which can find no cause for a prayer of thanksgiving when another year closes on that day, which in the twelve long months has gained no kindly smile from the all-loving God, has felt no pure joy, suffered no chastening pain, for which to look up with a thankful tear to Heaven.

So Christmas morning dawned upon the sleeping village and the thousand lives full of hope, and fear, and ambition—dawned upon all with the world-wide message of infinite love. "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." Yet over the broad snow-covered moors, to the far encircling hills, a profound silence reigned. One human figure only threw its black shadow on the side path of the village street. It was John Saunders, who came out from his low brick cottage sleepily, buttoning his great coat about him and tying his red shawl closer about his neck. Not for a year before had John resigned so early his morning nap. But to-day was a case of emergency, for John's wife's mother, a dame of whom he stood in wholesome dread, had been invited to eat her Christmas dinner with them, and as Harlisworth, the village where she lived, was distant some good twenty miles, it behooved John to make an early start to bring her over in time. So, grumbling to himself, he brought out the old brown mare from the stable, hitched her, after many impatient jerks and thumps, to the covered cart, threw in a bundle or two of straw and a buffalo robe, and scrambling in, cracked his whip and set off. As he lumbered down the village street, the hoofs of old Bess crunching the snow with a dulled sound, he heard a bark close beside him, and black Rover, Phil Storr's hound, jumped up beside him.

"De'il take the dog," grumbled the blacksmith, stopping abruptly. "Haven't I enough of worry this freezing morn without you? A jolly Christmas day, scouring the country side for a cross old woman. Down with you, down, I say!"

But Rover would not be put down. He was a pet of the blacksmith's, lay half his time by the forge fire, and was not frightened by his angry looks or threatening words. So, quietly passing by in spite of his uplifted whip, he crouched down in the straw. In telling the story afterwards, on winter nights, John used to wonder why he did not give the blow and drive the dog away. "I doubt not," he would say, "a merciful Providence sent the black beast, and kept him there. Howsoe'er, be that as it may, I thought ill to speak a vexed word to one of God's creatures upon that Christmas morn, so I e'en threw part of the skin over the puir brute, and Bess and he and I jogged on thegither."

It was yet so early that the grayness of the dawn had not brightened when John Saunders left the street and turned into a by-road through the forest, that would shorten his way by a mile or two. The intense stillness, the pure whiteness of the vast forest aisles, touched the rugged nature of even the rough Scotchman. "It was like a church," he used to say, "wi' the giant-like trees stretching as far as eye could see, and the great gray sky above. It minded me of the verse of David which they used to chant in the minster over the sea, before the worship began, 'The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him.'" Silenced by the profound calm, he passed down the winding road, the snow falling from the branches of the trees upon the white muslin cover of the wagon. A mile or two, and the first part of the forest was left behind, and he entered upon a bleak expanse of moor. Rover sprang out and went careering through and over the drifted snow, tossing it in the air, and then dashing up to the wagon with joyous barks that woke the far-off echoes.

The sun began to gild the tops of the trees and gleam like silver on the mist that lay along the path of the frozen brooks. From the distant farms came the call of the barn-yard fowls cheerily answering each other, the air stirred into life blew fresh and invigorating. Nature was awaking to a thrill of pulsing life with the new-born glory of the day. John urged old Bess into a trot, and speedily cleared the outstretched waste that lay before him, entering again into the narrow, winding road that led through the depth of the forest. Whistling for Rover, humming a half-forgotten Christmas carol, growing silent while he reckoned over the dishes for the day's dinner, he jogged along. And there, in the thick darkness of the forest boughs, while overhead the dull winter sky grew radiantly blue, while the clear matin song of the few winter birds thrilled the air, what strange, still object was that half hidden by the heaping snow, over which the carrion crows wheeled their silent swooping circles solemnly?

"I saw them," John used to say, lowering his voice to a solemn whisper. "I saw the uncanny birds as I came first into the wood. Round an' round, slow, through the sky, black and ghostly. First, I felt a cold chill like at seeing them, for it was no good sign on a Christmas morn. Then I put the ill conceit out o' my head, an' just whipped up the brown mare. It was near a mile frae the opening of the woods where they were; so, when I was oncet fairly in among the thick o' the trees, I could na see them; still I minded o' them wi' a shudder. When we came, after a bit while, to the place over which they were, I felt a strange stillness comin' over me, like as if something not right was about; so I drove slower. Old Bess stirred up her ears and put out her foot uncertain, and Rover came close to the wagon side wi' a low, scared whine. My heart misdoubted me. It was an open space on the country road—there were tracks in the snow—the trees stood thick a bit back, but just there there was only the trunk of an oak, blasted by lightning, and on it, God help us, was a raven, croak, croak, the unsighty death-bird. It was so still there in that forest, so dead still, except for that woful croak. I shouted at the witch-bird, but it did not move. Then Bess stood still an' whinnied wi' fear. I knew by that death was about. So I got down and tied her to a bush. Then I stood still for five minutes by Rover—I could na tell what to do, for I was mortal feared, I'll say that, though John Saunders is no behind any man wi' a blow if it is needed. It was growing light; the sun came flickering down uneasy-like on the ground. At last I saw it—a long, low, black heap, covered by the drifted snow. Rover went and smelled it and lay down beside it wi' a cry like a human being in pain—he knew it well, poor beast. Then I went up and touched it—he lay on his face, his brawny, handsome face all clouted wi' blood, an' dark clots o' blood soaked through the snow. There he was, stiff and stark, while his young sister an' wife waited and watched for him—there he lay, dead an' ghastly, stabbed to the heart, in the snow—puir boy, John Cadogan."

It was near mid-day when John Saunders re-entered the little village, bustling then with all the jollity of the day, his wagon covered close by a white sheet wrapped around some dark, still object lying on it. Stunned, with white face and tight-shut lips, he drove slowly down the street, followed by a wondering crowd. Past his own door, where his wife called to him—past the tavern, answering the hilloas of its dozen loungers with a vain effort to speak, which ended in a fearful glance at the heap in the straw behind him and a woful shake of the head—down to the house of the brother of John Cadogan. Who can picture the terror, the awe-struck gloom that fell upon the little village? How, in a short hour, the laugh and jest had grown silent in every house—how the children, forgetful of their new toys, half dropped from their hands, stood at their mothers' knees listening to the village crones gathered around cottage fire-sides, with old tales of murder and death—how men walked in little groups upon the street, talking eagerly and low, stopping to glance at the house where it lay, this stiff, cold thing covered with a white cloth, and a clot of blood upon its right side, watching with never satisfied curiosity the vehicles that brought his wife and sister to look at it. So the day wore on. When the shadows of evening began to fall, the silent horror of the town grew deeper—no step was heard upon the street—the fires were stirred to a more vigorous blaze, and the pale-faced women gathered closer around them, lowering their voices to whispers.

In the back-room of the little tavern, two men sat alone. The dim light of a tallow candle, wasting in its socket, flickered through the room, throwing into relief the thin, black figure, the dark, sharply-carved features of Mr. Thorpe, who sat in front of the fire, silent and gloomy. In the darkest corner was our old friend the doctor, his ruddy face haggard and pale. The door leading into the bar-room was slightly ajar, and showed a knot of men eagerly clustered around the little stove, in the midst of whom stood the landlord, recounting for the hundredth time the history of the day, and how he had been the first to follow John Saunders and lift the body from the cart. Then their voices grew lower as some darker phase of the story than the murder itself rose in discussion.

The doctor moved uneasily in his chair.

"Mr. Thorpe," he said, at length, "we may as well speak of this matter. It is late now—two hours after the time when the men who went in search of Stephen Fleming ought to have returned. Any moment they may come and bring him with them. What do you believe?"

The clergyman groaned, but did not answer for a few moments; then, standing erect, he said: "Thank God, I know but little; my evidence will be but slight against him. But the proof is damning."

Dr. Mac Fergus said nothing, looked steadily in the fire with eyes that saw nothing, holding in his mouth a cigar from which the fire had long since gone out, biting it nervously between his teeth. Mr. Thorpe walked through the narrow apartment, his hands clasped behind him. The candle flickered and went out, leaving the room in total darkness except for a few faint glimmers from the fire. But neither spoke. An hour passed—the group in the next room, increased by one or two additions, had also grown silent, and sat waiting, as if for some new horror, sending uneasy glances now and then out into the dark street.

At last it came—from the far-off road they heard a confused trampling of many feet, the muttering hum of voices, with occasionally a loud word of command. As the crowd entered the street it grew louder and more tumultuous, joined at each step by hurried inmates of the cottages, with frightened gaze peering into the dark centre of the throng. Nearer and nearer it came—whoops, angry, vengeful cries broke the gloomy silence of the night; the sobs of women, carrying their children in their arms; the howl of the village curs; but above all the uncertain tumult rose steady and firm, the one low mutter of men's voices. "*The murderer is found.*"

The crowd stopped in front of the tavern. In the darkness they waved their torches fitfully to and fro, opening from right to left while the officers led out their prisoner; the ghastly shadows passed over the upturned faces of the crowd as, with trembling steps, a young, fair-haired man was led from among them, his arms tied hastily together with a rusty chain.

Mr. Thorpe stood with folded arms and sternly-closed lips as he passed, though a sudden throb rose in his throat; the doctor remained in the dark back-room of the tavern, his hands upon his ears to drown the terrible cry without, his face hid. But down the village street came one rough friend of the murderer and his victim, whose heart was not so timorous.

"Stephen!" he cried in a stentorian voice. The prisoner looked up like one bewildered, stunned, and saw the coarse face of John Saunders in the thronging crowd before him. "Stephen!" he called again, grasping one of the slight, trembling hands in his own iron fingers. "There's nae bluid here," he called aloud. "This hand, that held my dead bairn sae tenderly, never struck the death blow to his brother's heart."

But the blacksmith was thrust angrily aside, and the prisoner was led into the dark, low gateway of the prison, followed only by angry, muttered curses.

CHAPTER XI.

A month after the events recorded in our last chapter took place, no stranger, on entering Orth, would have recognized the quiet little country village which had slept through the first winter months, for it was entirely alive now. The week of the quarterly court had opened, and a trial of unwonted magnitude and interest was to be brought before the assizes. The two small inns were filled to overflowing, half of the houses in the village were opened for the reception of strangers whom curiosity had drawn together. From the mountain counties around, the farmers and their wives poured in, day by day, content to lose a few days' work for a show that bade fair to surpass in interest any tragedy. John Cadogan and the reputed murderer, Stephen Fleming, were well known to all the country side. The murder had spread terror far and wide. Few doubted the prisoner's guilt; scarcely a link in the chain of evidence was wanting that condemned him. The story of his love for Sarah Alt, of her faithlessness, were made public. It was known that he had returned, ignorant of her marriage, that on being told of it his emotion had been fearful in its strength; he had been seen to leave Orth, and, through Dr. Mac Fergus, seek a meeting with the murdered man; returning to Orth, he had then gone to the neighboring town of Hurlsworth, leaving his victim dead in the forest. A thousand other rumors were rife, but these were the ground work of facts; men whispered and speculated with regard to the wife of John Cadogan and her family unceasingly; of the strange, dumb anguish of the younger sister since the day of the murder; of the insane ravings of the wife, the cause of all this horror; how they secluded themselves from the gaze of the curious with a dread that seemed more than natural; how the sister of John Cadogan, with a variable excitability of temperament, had gone from a dull stupor of grief into a frantic violence of vengeance against the murderer. John Saunders was elevated into the hero of the village; the boys looked on him with a dumb awe as he walked along the streets. Mr. Thorpe, Dr. Mac Fergus, every one connected with the tragedy, however remotely, shone with a borrowed notoriety. As the day of the trial approached and reporters from the metropolitan papers made their appearance on the ground, the excitement became more intense. The villagers began to feel that a certain distinction had been bestowed upon their town by the event, and bore themselves with a dignified responsibility, as being cognizant of the facts so eagerly sought for by the incomers from a distance. The great day of the trial dawned at last, clear and cold. The snow lay frozen into a hard, glittering crust, sparkling with a thousand hues under the still, bright sunshine. The clear sunshine! How like a bitter mockery it looked to the dim eyes of little Jeanie Cadogan, her quick-beating heart throbbing to breaking with this first great sorrow. With what a cold scorn it answered her passionate cries to Heaven to give back her only brother, shining with as joyous a sparkle on her burning tears as on the smile upon the happiest lips. The anger of her grief was past. What should be the fate of the wretched man who lay waiting his sentence in yonder jail mattered little to her; her heart saw only a narrow grave, heaped with snow, where slept forever the kindliest, truest heart her life had known. There was another place where the sunlight fell with as heartless a radiance—upon the bare stone floor of the village prison. Through the small, square windows above the pallet, it came in dancing, shimmering in level silver rays, with a strange story of life and warmth to the restless, shivering soul within. Stephen Fleming sat upon the edge of his low couch, idly watching the uncertain gleams, the fair, waving hair pushed back impatiently from the white and wrinkled forehead. The day of his trial! Yet, with a strange inconsistency, this point of time to which he had looked forward with such myriad plans and hopes, now that it had come, seemed unable to detain his wandering fancy. Fantastic memories of his boyish days, of books which he had read, games he had played yonder on the village green, floated before him. But under all, and through all, came the one thought, not of the inevitable death that lay before him, not even of the murdered foster-brother of his youth, but of her, the dearly loved, that he was this day to meet for the first time. To meet—and how? When she should come to look upon his hands, red with her husband's blood; when she should come to aid in his own death. Stephen Fleming thought of this picture, and of another, a fairer summer scene of years past, and laughed to himself, a laugh more bitter than any tears. That was all. All the moan that human eye could see over a ruined life. Not the life only which he had lived from boyhood until now, with its vague hopes, its fanciful, poetic dreams, its sharp realities, but the life that might have been, that he had pictured since childhood in all its quiet usefulness and simple pleasures. Ended all. And in place of it—a prison cell, a surging, thronging multitude without clamorous for revenge upon the murderer. He thought of John Cadogan, the foster-brother whom he had so dearly loved; thought of him, not as he had remembered him during his long absence, on the day when he bade him farewell, his bright, ruddy face turned aside to hide a tear of which he was ashamed, his strong, hard hand holding his in an iron pressure, but as he was the day when he returned; dead, stabbed to the heart beneath the very tree which they had climbed as boys together. False? No, not false. He thanked God for that. That whatever she might have done, the fault was hers alone, not her husband's; that he, the friend in whom he had trusted, had not proved unworthy of that trust, but had gone to meet his Judge with a heart free from treachery. Stephen Fleming knew that now; knew it when it was too late; yet with all, he was thankful to know it. He sat awaiting the slow-coming hour of trial, scarce heedful of what fate it might bring. The Past was past; what was done could not be altered now, and he looked up to the gray sky clearly, quietly.

Early in the morning, the town was in commotion; hurrying groups went to and fro, all ordinary routine of business was laid aside to make place for the great event. Long before the village clock struck the hour of opening the court, the small building was filled to its utmost capacity; the street without was densely massed with shifting, swaying crowds. The prisoner was with difficulty brought through the narrow passage left for entrance, and placed in full sight of the silent multitude. Silent no longer; for, at the first sight of him, a storm of imprecations, of curses, of lower exclamations of pity broke forth—for in this little village each man knew his neighbor as himself, and there were few who were not connected with John Cadogan and his accused murderer by ties of either blood or friendship. Stephen Fleming heard the storm around him apparently unmoved, only a slight muscular spasm of the lip showed pain. It was many minutes before the court could enforce silence, during which he sat with downcast eyes. The indictment was read, and the question "guilty or not guilty?" demanded of the prisoner in the usual form. He was standing—there was a moment of intense silence. Stephen Fleming, even as a boy, had been proverbial for his love of stern truth; the recollection of this character was so strong in the minds of the people, that many had fancied he would acknowledge his crime and refuse to stand a trial. They were disappointed if they had hoped this. Waiting for this brief moment to pass, as if to command attention, he looked calmly at the Judge, and answered in a low, but clear voice, "Not guilty, so help me God."

The ordinary forms of opening the trial were gone through; the counsel for the commonwealth stated, in rather a verbose, indefinite preamble, the chief grounds of proof against the prisoner, with which our readers are familiar, to which he listened with bent head and unheeding eyes, glancing now and then at the doors leading into the rooms where the witnesses for the State were placed. The counsel employed on both sides were men of but medium ability. So confident was the prosecution of the easy success of conviction, so incontestable appeared the proof of guilt in the minds of all who heard the facts, that even the Judge was reported to have said the trial could but be a form. Great, therefore, was the astonishment of the spectators to see the quiet composure of the counsel for the prisoner, the indifferent air with which he listened to the summing up of the outlined evidence by the lawyer on the opposite side, the carelessness with which he took notes of different points. Hopeless as the case might be, the people thought it demanded at least an attempt in behalf of poor Stephen Fleming—common justice revolted against this cool negligence. Thus there sprung up slowly among the mass a different feeling towards the prisoner than that which had greeted him two hours before; a doubt, almost a wish that something might be developed in his favor, that some loop-hole of escape might be found, and a tacit resolve to see justice done to the friendless man, whose paid counsel even had deserted him. The long and tedious opening forms were over—the witnesses for the prosecution were called. A slight movement swept over the crowd as the first name was called aloud; men composed themselves into their seats, with renewed attention, for now the real interest of the trial commenced. The prisoner also changed his position, so as to command a full view of the witness-box, and appeared to waken from his dreamy reverie to a quick consciousness of the present moment.

We copy the testimony from the recorded report of one of the journals of the day, abridging it, and omitting much that is irrelevant.

Rev. George Thorpe, sworn, testified as follows:—Have known the deceased and the prisoner since boyhood; they were foster-brothers, upon terms of the most intimate relation. The prisoner was under heavy pecuniary obligations to John Cadogan, for money to furnish his outfit, two years ago, when he left Orth. He (the prisoner) returned upon the 24th of December, Christmas eve. I met him on the road between Hurlsworth and this village; he was on horseback; we rode in company for about a mile. He mentioned to me incidentally, in speaking of his success in business, that he would be enabled to pay off most of his debts in Orth excepting part of that owing to John Cadogan, who, he said, he knew would willingly wait. He appeared to be in fine health and exuberant spirits, delighted at the prospect of returning home. I confined the topics of our conversation to himself and his own business as much as possible, and parted with him at the cross-roads. He mentioned that he had received no tidings from Orth for several months, ascribed it to the irregularity of the mails. I did not come over to Orth until the next day after the murder was committed.

Questioned by the State's attorney, witness further testified:

Q.—Did you know of any cause for quarrel between the prisoner and decease?

A.—Not of my own knowledge, only from hearsay, which is not allowable evidence.

Q.—Was it such knowledge which caused you to confine the topics of conversation with him to his own affairs?

A.—It was; I did not wish to communicate to him the fact of John Cadogan's marriage.

Q.—When he left you, then, he was ignorant of this marriage?

A.—Entirely unsuspicious of its possibility even.

Q.—What time did you part on the road?

A.—At 2 o'clock, P. M. I remember looking at my watch as he left me.

Cross-examined by prisoner's counsel:

Q.—In what terms did the prisoner speak of deceased?

A.—In the very kindest, even affectionate; mentioning his intention of going directly to his house.

Caroline Baxter, sworn.—I know the prisoner; knew him before he left Orth. Am a chorwoman; have often washed and done odd chores for Mr. Fleming when he was a young lad, living at old Mr. Cadogan's. On Christmas eve I had got through my work all to gathering some wood out of the forest for the next day, not wishing to work on Christmas day. I was in the outside of the woods, next to the fence, picking up the branches, when I saw a man on horseback coming down the road from Hurlsworth. I thought to myself that looks uncommon like Mr. Stephen Fleming, if so be he were in this part of the country; he was riding quite smart; so when he come anear, it was he; so I went out on the road and courtesied. He stopped and shook hands, for Mr. Fleming was always quite pleasant with a poor body; I forget now all the questions he asked me, for I was telling him most of all about my poor old man's rheumatics last winter, and about Susy's being married. He said once or twice about Mr. Cadogan's people, and I meant to tell him about his being a married man now, but was in a hurry to engage the washing of his linen, and so forgot. Then he turned and rode away, and then I noticed he rode slower, and came back, and stooped down from his horse as if he wanted to say something; then he asked a question or two about the crops, and at last he said, "Mrs. Baxter, you said there had been other weddings than your daughter's, whose were they?" Then I said as how Mrs. Allen was married again, and Colonel Phipps' niece, and Miss Alt. At that he sat right up in his saddle, but said never a word until long after I had done speaking; then he said in a strange sort of tone, "Who did she marry? Miss Alt, I mean?" I told him, who but the handsomest man in Orth, Mr. John Cadogan. I felt scared-like after that, he looked so white and trembly, but he did not say a word; I spoke to him, but he sat quite still, and after a long time turned his horse's head and rode away.

Cross-examined.—What time was that?

A.—About sundown.

Q.—Was the prisoner going towards Orth when you first saw him?

A.—No, he was on the road to La Grange, Mr. Cadogan's farm. When he left me he went to Orth.

Dr. Mac Fergus, sworn.—[This witness appeared deeply affected while giving his testimony, doing it most unwillingly, and in a low voice. The prisoner also looked up at him while speaking, in much agitation, particularly during the latter part of his evidence.]

My name is Christopher Mac Fergus; am a physician in Orth; have known both the deceased and prisoner all their lives; they sustained the most friendly relations towards each other; I have heard that the prisoner was indebted to John Cadogan for a considerable amount. Stephen told me so himself; Cadogan never mentioned it. At the time of Cadogan's marriage with Miss Alt I was led to believe that he had interfered with a prior claim of Stephen Fleming's to the lady's hand. That is the only ground of quarrel existing between them so far as I know; it was ignorantly done on the part of John Cadogan. On the evening of the 24th, I was on my way to Mrs. Alt's to meet Stephen Fleming, who was expected that day. Passing the tavern, I was told by the ostler that Mr. Fleming was in the back-room of the inn; the landlord added that he seemed unwell; I dismounted and went in; found the prisoner alone and evidently laboring under extreme agitation, the cause of which he did not disclose. He appeared disinclined to talk, but at last asked me if I should see John Cadogan that night, and requested me to send him to Orth to meet him, as he (Fleming) must leave in the morning. I asked him to accompany me to Mrs. Alt's, but he did not reply. When I rose to leave him, which I did sooner than my own feelings prompted, he seeming so averse to speaking. He walked out with me to the place where my horse was tied, saying, "I will go with you to the edge of the forest." He walked alongside of my horse until we came to the cross-roads, which is distant half a mile from the place where the deceased was found. He stopped there, held out his hand, saying "Goodbye, Doctor. Send John Cadogan down at once; I owe him a debt which must be paid to-night." He hesitated a moment, and then handed me a letter, saying, "Give this to his wife."

The court required the production of the letter. It was handed by the counsel for the prosecution to the clerk, who read it aloud:

"Sarah, may God forgive you. You are not guilty in this, only in being weak; so my heart tells me, and I try to believe; for I have trusted in you more than in my God. I dare not think you wilfully false. The day of reckoning is not far off, for you and—*him*."

Dr. Mac Fergus resumed his evidence, and detailed the circumstances of his arrival at Mrs. Alt's, the departure of John Cadogan to meet the prisoner. He then testified as to the appearance of the body when subjected to him for professional examination. Four wounds had been inflicted with a sharp-bladed weapon, any one of which was sufficient to have produced death. [The technical description we omit.] Before closing my testimony, I must remark upon one observation I made upon the body—the wounds appear to have been made while the deceased was offering no resistance, and made with a singular force and malignancy. I should judge that the deceased had been completely overcome by either superior strength, or taken by surprise, which, considering the slight frame of the prisoner and the fact that their meeting was anticipated, seems hardly probable.

Q.—How long should you judge life had been extinct in the body when found?

A.—It is impossible to answer certainly, I should think many hours.

Q.—What time was it when Mr. Cadogan started to meet the prisoner?

A.—About 9 o'clock, P. M.

Robert Golton, sworn.—Am inn-keeper in Orth; Mr. Fleming arrived at my house at 5 o'clock, or thereabouts, on the 24th of December. I noticed that he looked ill and pale when he got off of his horse; he went into the inner room; I took him in his supper; while I was laying the cloth, I told him of all the news of the town since he left, and in especial about Mr. Cadogan's wedding, knowing them to be such friends; he did not speak a word, but sat with his head bent on his breast in front of the fire. I set his supper before him and left him. Dr. Mac Fergus went in to him and they came out together; I noticed that the supper was not touched. Mr. Fleming came back to the inn about 11 o'clock, took his portemanteau, and called for his horse, saying, as he did so, that he was going to Hurlsworth, probably could transact his business in Orth by letter, if not, would return next week. He looked pale and anxious; I did not see him again until he was brought in as a prisoner.

John Saunders, sworn.—This witness gave his evidence with much hesitation and agitation. [We omit, as already known to our readers, this part of the testimony, describing the finding of the body.]

Other witnesses were then called. A carter, who had seen Stephen Fleming at about 9 o'clock, pacing to and fro in the edge of the forest, as if waiting for some one. A farmer who had passed John Cadogan at the same hour, on his way to the appointed place of meeting, and exchanged a good evening with him.

As the testimony was given in, and the proof of the prisoner's guilt grew more appallingly clear, he raised his head and looked calmly in the face of the Judge. A murmur of indignation ran through the crowded building, for Stephen Fleming, a gentle, quiet, retiring youth, had but few friends compared to the frank, jovial Cadogan.

John Saunders heard the mutter with a flashing eye. Turning his brawny back to the jury, and facing the prisoner, he suddenly outstretched his hand and grasped that of the accused.

"Oh, Stephen, boy," he cried, in a husky voice. "Dinna think I think ye did it. Dinna think it! If a' the warld turn agin ye, so will not I."

"Order," thundered the officer, seconded by the crowd.

"Order the deevil!" exclaimed the blacksmith. "Sall ye hound the boy to the gallows and ne'er a friend to speak a kindly word for him? Dinna fault me, Stephen, for stannin here and givin' evidence agin ye. I was forced to do it, an' the truth will come out at the last."

The sturdy Scotchman was removed, and the counsel for the prosecution declared his testimony closed.

The lawyer employed for the prisoner rose slowly. It was then near nightfall; the heavy shadows of the hills rested upon the upturned faces of the sea of people. But the long day's session (we have so shortened the report that it seems but half its real length) had not wearied the attention of the people. The excitement, on the contrary, had grown more and more intense, until the minds of the spectators seemed as one—a tightly-drawn chord, vibrant to the slightest touch of emotion. The counsel for Fleming was a small man, of but medium power or strength in mind or body. His most striking trait was a clear, resonant voice, that gave an effect to his words which their own importance did not justify. It sounded now like a silver bell over the surging multitude.

"May it please the court, I have but one witness to call on behalf of the prisoner, Sarah Cadogan, the wife of the murdered man." An irrepressible cry of surprise broke from the spectators, and was succeeded instantly by a death-like silence. The prisoner, whose head was buried in his hands, shuddered violently but did not look up. The counsel proceeded: "Owing to the lady's illness, her deposition has been taken before two magistrates, and I am now prepared to read it."

He unfolded a paper slowly which he held in his hand. The rustle of the leaves could be heard all over the court-room. He moved nearer to the lamp. Suddenly, through the silent crowd, a man pushed his way up to the Judge, and handed him a folded paper. He read it and gave it to the counsel for the prisoner with a whispered word or two. The lawyer's face altered strangely as he glanced at the note.

"May it please the court," he said, folding up the deposition, "I move an adjournment until to-morrow morning. An important event has occurred bearing strongly upon the case, which demands instant attention."

The court was adjourned. The prisoner sat again on the pallet in his cell, watching wearily the slow-creeping shadows of night upon the stone floor. In the court-room, upon its broad portico, and in the street, the people still lingered in crowds, discussing eagerly the events of the day. But one incident more occurred to excite their curiosity. A carriage drove up to the door of the court-house, into which the Judge, the lawyers for the prosecution and the prisoner, and a magistrate, entered hastily and were driven rapidly away.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

WHIP BEHIND.

BY GEORGE H. COMER.

I watch the children's roguish play,
Half vexed and half amused to see
The swelling germs of much that may
Have sprung to vicious growth in me.

A passing coach the urchins chase,
'Till he who heads the noisy rout,
Secures himself a perching place,
When "whip behind!" the others shout.

Thus when the object we've pursued
We see a fleeter rival gain,
With envy more or less imbued,
How apt we are to wish him pain!

We scarce aside the demon put,
If cunning shape he haply claim,
Who bids us trip, with vicious foot,
The ladder of another's fame.

Some lucky wight o'ertakes success,
And mounts her car with ardent mind,
And though the thought we'd scarce confess,
We wish the driver'd whip behind!

We try to praise with praise sincere,
But while our steps grow tired and slow,
We're glad the whirring lash to hear,
That makes our nimble friend let go!

THE BORROWER.

A PARISH CLERK'S STORY.

For twenty miles around Bentholme, there was nothing but talk about Squire Sigister's quarrel with his son and heir, young Mr. Robert, such a jolly young gentleman as you don't meet every day. He was quite the life of the neighborhood. All this happened when London was ten times as far away from us as it is now, and people hadn't taken so much to papers; though as for politics, we were glad enough to read about battles and that. So concerning young Mr. Robert, it was understood that it might be partly the young gentleman's fault, but before anybody knew anything of the case, everybody agreed that the Squire had been hard on him. So the news of the split between the old and the young one caused plenty of conversation, you may be sure. When we heard what he had done, we decided that it would be the best for him if he would go down on his marrow bones, but it was pretty certain that he would not. For Mr. Robert, he also could be stiff when he pleased—he was a chip! But I must tell you. The fact was, Mr. Robert, as was generally known, had for a very long time been what is called sweet upon Susan Dawson, and she was something to be sweet upon; a plump, open-faced young lass, not over-vain, and sensible; though of course, one couldn't think that, with her talking of one day marrying young Mr. Robert, which she did, till her father, being one of the Squire's tenants, properly stopped it, not before it came to the Squire's ear though. Talk of electric telegraphs! Village gossips used to be just as quick in the conveying of intelligence, and gave you a great deal more at a time. So the Squire, who wanted Mr. Robert to marry one of his own class, he on with his top boots and his round hat, and down he went to Farmer Dawson.

"Dawson," says he, "I hear that boy of mine hangs about your doors a good bit. You'd better see to the locks and bolts. He's a sharp fellow, and don't give his time for nothing."

"Squire," says the farmer, "if he chooses to act scarecrow outside there, I've no help for it; but I'll take care he don't get to be a fixture inside."

"Keep a sharp eye on your daughter, Dawson," says the Squire.

"One in a family's enough, Squire," says the farmer. And he must have spoken heavily, for his niece, Martha Green, had gone away in a bad manner out of that very house where he sat. Some said it was Mr. Robert who had beguiled the poor girl, and was now at the same game with her cousin; others thought better of him as to that, and were sure that it was his college friend, Mr. Danby, who had been seen about with her during his visits at the Squire's. She left Farmer Dawson's house after one of these visits. Mr. Robert was away at the time, and that gave a color to what was said against him. But his friends did not believe it, if his enemies did.

Now, when Mr. Robert found the farmer's door banged in his face, he was mighty wroth, you may credit me. Worse, when he heard it was through the squire's having been down there on particular business. What does he do but go straight to the Squire and ask him what he meant. The Squire retorts by asking him what *he* meant. That's how the split began. The servants said that Mr. Robert burst out of the library, swearing that he would go and marry Susan Dawson on the spot. He didn't do that, but he managed to appoint to meet her by night. She went, as she'd have gone through fire and water. Then he asked her to go off with him to London to be married. While she was debating about it—for I suppose she hesitated—up came Will Green, her cousin, Martha's brother. Will was whistling, and stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at them. He was an odd, indifferent fellow—one who made you believe nothing affected him. "Don't think you'll astonish me" was his customary expression. So he says, "You are going after Martha, are you, Susan? Make my compliments to her." And then he turned on his heel and sauntered off. Susan had a shock at the mention of Martha. The upshot was, that she went home, and so did Mr. Robert, and the next morning the great quarrel took place, for the Squire somehow had heard of his meeting Susan. They got to high words. The Squire threatened to kick him out the house, and, as Mr. Robert had money, he said he would go, and not return till he was asked. He went in a huff with us all. He was away two years just, when we heard he was in prison for debt, and one morning Miss Susan was missing. Didn't the gossips fly about. Farmer Dawson hung his head awhile, and then he woke up again, and was cheerfuller than could be expected. By-and-by Susan returns. The farmer took her in, which he was much praised for, and he was kind to her, and wouldn't let the Vicar rebuke her, which rather went against his character in our place. However, things passed like of old; the Squire seemed to have forgotten Mr. Robert; Susan was mum; Will Green did his farm-work, and sneered away at his superiors.

You must know that we had fine roads round Bentholme. It lay just between two market towns, and was not such a distance from a tolerably sized city. The roads were lonely, and people used often to say they wondered more bad work wasn't done. They even gave up wondering. The vicar rode home one night cleaned out, and, saving my respect for his memory, in as awful a fright as mortal man can be. A highwayman had stopped him. A pretty commotion there was in Bentholme. Within a month, we had as many as twelve downright open robberies—three to a week. There was a meeting of the magistrates, constables were moved about, and all the farmers said they'd be cautious. But farmers never are cautious after market days. Besides, this was a terrible fellow. He not only knew who they were, and where they were going—he knew always exactly how much money their purses contained, and used to name the sum. That was what unmanned them more than anything. They gave up at that; it didn't look human. How we came to know this was through Farmer Burmess. He was riding home from Ockham market one night, plenty of ale in him, and up trots my gentleman.

"Good night, Farmer Burmess," says he.

"Good night!" answered the

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, November 26, 1862.

NURSING SICK SOLDIERS.

Constituted as our army is, one of the greatest miseries to which it is exposed, is the suffering in sickness by many who must ever receive such different treatment in the Hospitals from what they can and do when at home. Many of those who have volunteered, or been drafted, have left homes of comfort, where, in sickness, a mother or a sister, or a wife, were ever at hand to soothe every pain that could be soothed, and provide all sorts of tempting delicacies to win back nature to appetite after an attack of sickness. But in the hospitals, notwithstanding all that has been done by a munificent Government, and all that private benevolence has contributed, it is a much more difficult matter to get well in a hospital of the army than it would be at home. The wounded and the sick are, many of them, under tents, and feel each change of the weather. In spite of all precautions, there is much neglect—indeed, there can be none of that minute watchfulness of each changing symptom in which the essence of good and successful nursing consists.

Round about Frederick the sick and wounded, ever since the battle of Antietam, have been in sad numbers, and sadly suffering. Most of the inhabitants are loyal, and are doing what they can to assist our troops. They nurse as many as they can, and do what they can, and the Government stores are abundant. But for the sick and wounded all this is not enough in the greatest number of cases. It is not home. It is not like a regular hospital. Some purchase delicacies, or board in some of the respectable families around, but others cannot, especially as many of the troops have never received any pay. Some are months in arrears, and three dollars a week, which is the customary price in good farm houses, costs far more than it would to go home, while the sick do not recover half so fast.

It is in this view of the case that Governor Curtin has gone to Washington again and again, to endeavor to arrange with the Government some plan by which the Pennsylvania troops might, when sick or wounded, be sent to their State and hospitals as near as possible to their homes. As it is, mothers and relatives travel hundreds of miles, to nurse the sufferers, at double expense in many cases, simply because military discipline is supposed to require that these men should be kept in the Government hospitals. In many cases sick officers find the greatest difficulty in procuring furloughs, and the useless suffering and even loss of life caused by the system is immense, as to the expense and loss of time in recovering it is terrible.

We know the reply to all that is urged. "If the door was once opened for such applications, everybody would be sick, and many really sick would never return when they did recover. We would, therefore, propose that when the friends of any sick man applied for him to be sent home for nursing, proper, substantial and well-known bail should be offered, with heavy penalties for every deviation from a proper and prescribed course by the invalid. If he stays beyond the proper time, let the Government come down at once on his bail, if he fail to report for duty to the proper officer. Where there is not reason to feel sure that the nursing and treatment at home will not conduce to the recovery of the sick, by all means let it be refused. But where, as in many cases it undoubtedly would be, the means of saving valuable young officers and men to the service and save expense, let it, by all means, be adopted. Governor Curtin proposes hospitals to be located in the State for State troops. In that case the State might be made custodian of the patients if the Government desired, and for every soldier not properly accounted for, a substitute would have to be furnished. This would relieve the Government of much anxiety, and the State could, if it thought fit, take bonds from the friends of the individual. Without some such arrangent typhus fever or some virulent diseases will enter our hospitals and decimate our army.

THE TROUBLE IN GREECE.

Insurrection against established government is not confined to the United States. The people of Greece have just risen against their Monarch, and he, rather than spill blood, has abdicated. This is the result of thirty years' experience by European Governments, trying to engraft a monarchy upon a people hereditarily republicans. Thirty years ago the great powers of Europe, after wresting Greece from Turkish rule, established Otho, the second son of the King of Bavaria, as King of Greece, Leopold King of Belgium having after four months' trial resigned being ruler over the country. Otho was but 17 years of age when he began to rule, and a regency of Bavarians was appointed to assist him in governing. This was the commencement of the troubles which ended in the recent abdication. The Bavarian influence was not favorable to political reforms. The Government was still despotic. The Greeks expected a constitution, but their expectations were doomed to disappointment. After waiting ten years, the people rose and demanded a constitution. The King, who seems to have been physically averse to bloodshed and mentally incapable of comprehending the true spirit of the people he governed, yielded to force and granted a constitution, which was a considerable concession to the popular demand, and embodied many principles of political liberty. It establishes a hereditary monarchy, a church, with toleration of others, forbid slavery in every form, organized education at the public charge, established the freedom of the press, trial by jury, open administration of justice, the independence of the judiciary, and other reforms necessary to a well governed people. The dissatisfaction of the people, however, continued, and to appease them, ministry after ministry was changed. An attempt to govern a people so imbued with the spirit of liberty by the notions of political freedom prevailing at Munich, was a failure. The Greeks, after paying for protection from European powers, by thirty years of discord and misery, concluded to put an end to this state of affairs, and Otho, rather than fight for his crown, chose to retire to Bavaria, to find the peace and contentment he certainly did not enjoy in Greece. He has not formally abdicated the throne, it is said, but he lacks the spirit to defend his pretended rights, and there does not seem any disposition on the part of the great powers to enforce them for him. Hated and dethroned, he stands but little chance in that quarter. Behind him he has not left a single friend; even his ministers conspired against him. It is said that he received overtures of assistance, indirectly, from France, but he declined, saying the Greeks might choose whom they pleased for a sovereign.

The news of the Greek insurrection produced a profound sensation in Turin, and it was expected that a constitutional monarchy would be established, with one of Victor Emmanuel's sons as the King, and it was even said that the King of Italy and Garibaldi have intrigued to produce the explosion for this object. But to a people so discontented with their Government as the Greeks, it did not need any secret intrigues of this kind to help to a revolution. There are three or four candidates for the throne, the Duke of Leuchtenburg, Prince Alfred of England, the Count de Flanders, and others of less note and pretension. Objections are raised to all these persons, some for political and some religious grounds. The wishes of the Greeks in the matter do not seem to enter into any of the calculations respecting their future ruler. The English papers, which are so shocked at the idea of the Government of the United States trying to impose a Government upon the people of the South which they do not want, openly assure the Greeks that a constitutional monarchy must be the form of government for them. They may be republicans, "but the necessity of a monarchical form of government is too apparent to permit them to look to anything else. They must pay respect to appearances, and be something like the people about them. A republic in Eastern Europe would be too startling a novelty to succeed, even if the Greeks should desire it."

THE REBEL LOSSES AT ANTIETAM.—The New Orleans papers are publishing the losses of the Louisiana troops at the battle of Antietam. Five Louisiana regiments, comprising in all 600 men, lost 323 in the action, of whom 45 were killed and 278 wounded. The Washington Artillery, four companies, lost in the battles before Washington and in Maryland, 14 killed, 49 wounded, and 2 missing. The facts which are allowed to be published respecting the rebel losses in Maryland prove that they suffered more severely than our own troops in the recent battles. The small number of men in their regiments show that their previous losses must have been very heavy from either battle or sickness, and that there is considerable difficulty in refilling the ranks thus decimated. We doubt whether any Union regiment is reduced to the number of 120 men, as these Louisiana regiments must have been before the last battle, and less than half that number since.

GENERAL WEITZEL, who commanded the Union troops in the recent attack at Labadieville, on the Bayou Lafourche, is one of the youngest Generals in the United States service, being not quite thirty years of age. He is a native of Ohio and a graduate of West Point. He commands about five thousand men, and has rendered some important service to the Government in the locality where he is now operating.

SUPPLYING THE REBELS.—The clothing sent from Baltimore to the rebel prisoners at Fort Delaware, in quantities large enough to excite suspicion that the Southern army was to come in for some of the favors, was seized a few days ago by order of the War Department and sent to the Wilmington Custom House. Rebel prisoners do not require quite so extensive a wardrobe.

ECONOMICAL AGRICULTURE.

It is evident that, while the whole of the aristocratic classes in England, whether the conservatives, represented by Lord Derby, or the party in power, represented by Lords Palmerston and Russell, are quite inimical to the interests of this country, the liberal party outside of Parliament, or represented in it only by a few men like Mr. Cobden and John Bright, are most sincerely friendly to the North in its present struggle. This party has great and increasing weight in the country. It is a party that never can be deceived or carried away by articles in the Times or anywhere else, for it is thoroughly awake to them all. There is an article in the last number of the Westminster Review, which, whatever else it may or may not say, expresses, in the most unequivocal terms, that the sympathies of the entire radical party in England are with the North, and not with the South, in the present struggle.

In their remarks, however, upon slave labor in this country, they show a general truth that will apply, if not equally, yet with at least too much force to a great deal of the free labor also of the North. There is no doubt that, throughout the slave States, there has been a very wasteful system of agriculture, arising from the cheapness of land, exhausting the soil by never manuring, but clearing new land instead. But is it *only* at the South that this has been done? Is not much of our agriculture in the free States of a very injurious and deteriorating character to the land? In New York, round about Albany, forty bushels to the acre was a common yield of wheat, but now from twenty to twenty-five is thought extraordinary, and from fifteen to eighteen an average. Why is this, but because we have taken from the soil more than we have returned to it? In this State, near the centre of it, where peaches used to grow in great perfection a few years ago, it is customary to hear the farmers complain that they will not grow now. Why is this? Many will tell you that there is a change in the seasons now. But in fact it is the change of soil. In the whole of this country, the average yield of wheat is nothing like equal to that of England per acre. There it is improving; here it is retrograding to a degree hardly held in check by the new soil which we clear to exhaust in the far West.

Every crop which is thus made and shipped to Europe is trenching upon our capital stock, selling our soil, shipping off the producing qualities, and this equally, whether it be a cargo of cotton from the South, or of corn from the North, of tobacco from Kentucky or wheat from Pennsylvania or Illinois. It is very true that a northern climate ties us down more closely to one spot. We are obliged to build houses more substantially, and therefore cannot afford to shift from failing land to that which is uncleared, so lightly as they can whose buildings will be all the more comfortable during most of the year if less closed against the air without. Hence it is that we do not suffer our farms to sink below the point of an average remuneration. We manure up to a certain point at the North. But we do not manure up to the point of virgin soil, only so as to make the land yield about one-half of a proper crop. Tobacco is probably the most exhaustive of all crops. But let us not mistake what we are doing in every bale of cotton and bushel of wheat equally, when shipped to Europe. We are sending out of the country not only food but that which produces food; not only the *increase* of the field but a portion of the capital, the richest portion of our fields themselves.

There is but one way to cure this. It is for our farmers to take a wider view of their own interests, and to put so much manure on the soil that for every crop they take off the ground shall lose nothing of its reproductive power, but be brought up to its original state or near it. The cost of this manuring is a part of the natural cost of the production and must be charged for. This would in a little time draw many of the manures in condensed forms from Europe or from the Guano Islands, until all our soil becomes as fertile as the best parts of England or newly cleared lands. But it may well be doubted whether *all* the statements of Professor Cairnes as to the wasteful culture of the soil arising from slavery are quite correct. It is in part, at least, *climate* which dispenses with barns and close houses and the artificial comforts which take up so much fixed capital, and attach it to the soil. There is no doubt much truth in what Professor Cairnes says, but, in truth, *all* our agriculture is only in a very imperfect state. The increase of the cotton crop from 1850 to 1860 shows a more remarkable per centage of development of agricultural industry than the increase of the culture of wheat.

AT THEIR OLD TRICKS.

The rebels have been keeping a close watch upon the preparations in our shipyards and machine shops fitting out an ironclad fleet, and they have a wholesome fear of the result when this fleet is ready for active service upon our coast. As they cannot hope to cope with it, they are trying one of Jackson's tricks upon land to divert our navy from their ports. Hence they have got up an astounding story of the preparations of iron-clads in Europe, to assail our Northern sea-coast cities, and have alarmed our merchants so much that they are demanding of the Government that it shall keep the iron-clads in our Northern ports to defend them. This is just what the rebels are after. They know that a portion of this fleet is really to begin its work, and they wish to gain time so as to be better prepared for it. We see it stated that our Government has ordered two Monitors to guard the entrances to New York, and one to remain at Boston, and probably another at Philadelphia. The best way to guard these ports from any assault of this kind, is to send all the iron-clads that are finished, to capture the few rebel ports unoccupied by the U. S. troops. The quicker that is done, the sooner will our fleet of gunboats and iron-clad steamers be ready to protect our own cities and prevent such crafts as the Alabama committing depredations at sea upon our commerce. Iron-clad vessels are not built in a day, and it will take months for any to be fitted out in English ports, with all the facilities they have for manufacturing them.

THE DUTIES OF NEUTRALS.—The London Times, seeking a justification for the British Government in allowing the pirate Alabama to be fitted out and manned in English ports, to prey on American commerce, cites President Pierce as authority to prove that the United States, by its practice, established the precedent. A reference to President Peirce's message upon this subject shows how little regard the Times has for the accuracy of its statements in endeavoring to establish a position. President Pierce presented this matter to Congress in the following emphatic language:

"Our municipal law, in accordance with the law of nations, peremptorily forbids, not only foreigners, but our own citizens, to fit out, within the limits of the United States, a vessel to commit hostilities against any State with which the United States are at peace, or to increase the force of any foreign armed vessel intended for such hostilities against a friendly State. Whatever cautern may have been felt by either of the belligerent powers lest private armed cruisers, or other vessels in the service of one, might be fitted out in the ports of this country to depredate on the property of the other, all such fears have proved to be groundless. Our citizens have been withheld against any such act of purpose by good faith and by respect for the law."

ACTION, NOT WORDS.—The habit of bragging seems an inveterate one with our people; even grave officials are not ashamed to indulge in it. While very little war news is allowed to transpire, the public are almost daily assured by telegraph that the movements of the army are to be of the most vigorous character, and that the authorities at Washington are confident we shall soon have a great victory. The confidence of the authorities at Washington does not help in the least to inspire a similar assurance in the mind of the public, and it is foolish to send such things over the wires. The confidence of the public will begin to grow so soon as they see the vigorous movements promised actively commenced, and that skill, judgment and ability govern our army movements. The authorities at Washington may know more of the intended movements of the army than the people, but they certainly cannot predict any more accurately what the result of those movements will be. We all hope and expect that they will be eminently successful, but something more than bragging is required to make them so.

CAPTAIN RICHARD F. BURTON, the celebrated traveller, is moving rapidly in his explorations of Western Africa. He lately ascended the river Ogun from Lagos to Abeokuta, transmitting to England an account of his journey. He is since reported to have reached the highest peak of the Cameroon mountains, finding it to be 13,500 feet high. Mount Blanc, in Europe, attains an elevation of but 2,430 feet more. In a letter lately written by him, he declares his intention to "march northward from the Kru coast, and if possible explore the range of mountains whose upper slope gives birth to the waters of the Niger. This region is judged to be a very important one, and reliable information concerning it must prove valuable to science and commerce, and the neighboring republic of Liberia! The indefatigable Captain is commissioned as British Consul at Fernando Po, and is making good use of his time and experience in enlarging the knowledge of the African Continent.

CONGRESS will assemble at Washington on Monday next, the first of December. It is the second or short session of the present Congress, and will adjourn on the fourth of March next. The time is short for public business, but there will be plenty of it wasted in discussing the merits of our Generals and their campaigns. Every member of Congress, even if he never held the commission of a militia captain, thinks he can plan campaigns and advise generals in command how to carry them on successfully.

THE WAR NEWS.

A Digest of the Movements of the Week.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 18, 1862.

Gen. Morgan's Cumberland Gap army has been ordered into Kentucky from Western Virginia. The Sixth Tennessee Regiment passed through Louisville on Friday, and the other two Tennessee regiments were *en route*.

The most stringent measures are to be adopted with regard to those officers of the army who persistently remain absent from their commands without adequate excuse, and that proper means are to be used to reduce the number of absentees from the army generally.

The Trenton Gazette, of Tuesday, states that Gen. McClellan left that city on the day preceding to transact some business in New York. It adds: "The curiosity to see the General appears to have died out, and we hear very little on the subject. We understand that, for the serenade last week, invitations were sent liberally to different parts of the State, in order to call out a crowd.

The Hartford Times, of Monday, says: "Letters of Nov. 7 have been received in this city by N. H. Morgan, Esq., from his son, N. S. Morgan, Acting Master on the United States sloop-of-war Rehef, with Farragut's squadron at Ship Island. He says a boat's crew from the rebel iron-clad steamer Ovieto, at Mobile, escaped from that steamer and arrived at Ship Island on the 1st. They say she is to be fitted out to cruise as the Sumpter did. She is the same vessel that ran in by the United States ship Oneida—for failing to prevent which, Commander Preble was summarily dismissed from the navy. He also mentions the fact, that in Mobile harbor there are four ten-gun ships, all more or less iron-plated. A rumor is mentioned, but discredited, that Farragut is going North, and that Commodore Dupont is to take his place at Ship Island.

FRIDAY, Nov. 21, 1862.

The army of Gen. Burnside is getting ready for speedy action, although all is comparatively quiet along the lines. General Plessonton's cavalry recently repelled an attack of rebel cavalry who approached Warrenton to reconnoitre. During Wednesday afternoon the rebel pickets were scattered along the bank of the Rappahannock, and conversation between our men and the rebels was freely carried on. No firing occured, and but one small camp of the enemy was visible.

The Savannah Republican of the 13th says that the Unionists attempted to land at St. Mary's, Ga., on the Sunday previous, but were repulsed. The gunboats then shelled the town.

Reports from Kanawha Valley state that Gen. Cox was expecting soon to go into winter quarters, and had his advance at Summerville, Nicholas county. At Lewisburg and the country about, the rebels were in some force, and would probably leave on the approach of our troops. Gen. Cox would not push on to Staunton, as he has not the force and transportation necessary for such an enterprise, and the lateness of the season prevented any advance. We may, however, be able to expel and punish the bushwhackers and restore the authority of the loyal Virginia government in the counties west of the Alleghanies.

Passengers from Holly Springs have arrived at Cairo and report that the Army of the Southwest is still inactive. Hospitals were being prepared and grain collected in large quantities. An expedition left Trenton and Humboldt on Wednesday to capture 700 rebels, who were reported to be crossing the Tennessee river. The Marine Hospital at Paducah was destroyed by fire on Monday night, involving a loss of $100,000. The patients were all saved. A fire at Memphis on Saturday night consumed three manufactories and six dwellings. The loss was heavy. The Grenada Appeal states that Forrest's cavalry had a skirmish with the Union troops on the Frankford road, on Tuesday, and that twenty were killed and from fifty to sixty wounded on both sides. Forrest then retreated. Kirby Smith is sick at Chattanooga. From an escaped party of Union prisoners, now at Corinth, we learn that Captain Andrews, George D. Wilson, Marion Ross, P. G. Spalock, and Wm. Campbell, of the Second Ohio, John M. Scott, Twenty-first Ohio, and Samuel Slavens, Thirty-third Ohio, were tried at Knoxville and hung at Atlanta June 13. The remaining persons in the party broke jail, but were recaptured. It is not known what will be their fate.

MONDAY, Nov. 24, 1862.

Our artillery is now in position to shell the town of Fredericksburg. The citizens are leaving the town in great numbers.

A reconnoissance over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad discloses that much damage has been done to the railroad in the neighborhood of Martinsburg. Twenty-two miles of the track has been destroyed.

On Saturday morning a working party, belonging to General Geary's command, near Harper's Ferry, were attacked by a squadron of rebel cavalry. Our troops were ordered out, and a few shots from a battery dispersed the rebels.

All political prisoners under arrest for discouraging enlistments have been released. Those arrested for disloyalty have been released on parole.

General McClellan's body guard, the Sturgis rifles, are to be mustered out of the service, in accordance with his wish.

A reconnoissance was made lately to Ripley and Orizaba, Miss., capturing a number of persons and horses.

The War Department has commenced the publication of the names of dismissed officers.

General Fremont is at Cincinnati.

The rebels are reported to have evacuated Murfreesboro, and departed for Tallahoma, where they are fortifying.

Heavy cannonading was heard at Nashville yesterday morning, in the direction of Lebanon. Shelbyville is occupied by Breckinridge's division, while the rest is at Duck river.

The gunboat Mohawk has shelled the town of St. Mary's Fla.

The Grenada Appeal is very solicitous about the future of Mississippi. It anticipates that the Union troops may conquer the State, and calls upon the people to increase rebel Pemberton's army to 100,000 men.

"Extra Billy" Smith, Ex-Gov. of Virginia.

Has a farm near Warrenton. One of our soldiers who recently paid him a visit, says: "The Governor was at home recently but left a few days before our army arrived. He holds the commission of Colonel of the 149th Virginia Regiment, and received two wounds in the battle of Antietam. His oldest brother, Ernest, was killed at Fair Oaks. Bitter and copious were the tears his mother shed, when she told me the fate of her 'poor boy Ernest,' Mrs. Smith is already of nearly 'three-score years and ten,' and is an unassuming, kind-hearted, motherly woman; such a one as everybody who professes the nobleness of manhood and reveres his mother's memory, would respect and venerate. She wore a cheap, chocolate colored calico dress, which she assured me cost $1 15 per yard in Richmond. 'La, me, we don't care about our dresses in these times,' said she, in the most complaisant manner. The First Corps, General Reynolds, had passed the Governor's farm the night previous, and some of the boys had stolen the iron gate from the door-yard fence. The old lady was exceedingly sensitive at this loss; probably said gate is now used as a gridiron for the entire corps."

Gen. James B. Steadman Challenged.

Gen. Steadman, while in the advance of Gen. Grant's army near La Grange, visited a house by the roadside to see about the sick soldiers left in the houses. After a few minutes talk with the soldiers, Gen. S. entered into conversation with Mr. Reynolds, the owner of the property, who, among other things, asked the General when he thought the war wouldend—to which the General replied—

"Not till the rebels lay down their arms, or the secessionists get perfectly tired of having their country thoroughly devastated."

This reply brought in a third party. Old Mrs. Reynolds—a regular spitfire—a she secessionist of the most rabid, rantankerous species—a tiger cat in petticoats. This she specimen of of the "Spirit of the South," of the demon of desolation, had bottled up her venom during the conversation of her son, but could hold in no longer; her vial of wrath "busted," the cork flew out, and the way she came at the General was a caution to the wayfarers over this road at any rate.

"Oh yes! and that's all you nasty Yankees come here for, is to destroy our property, invade our sile, deserlating our homes. This 'ere whole war is nothing but a Yankee speculation, gotten up by the North, so that they can steal niggers, and drive us from our houses."

"Well, madam, it is not my province to quarrel with a woman; I shall not talk to you. You get excited and don't know what you are talking about."

"Oh! but I'll talk to you as much as I please; you're all a sneaking set of thieves; you can just take yourself out of my house, you dirty pup. You're drunk."

The General very placidly listened to the old termigant, and merely remarked that it was too cold to go out of the house just then, he guessed he'd warm himself first.

"Get out quick," said she, opening the door. "I'll let you know, I'm a Harney; yes, I'm a grand-daughter of General Harney, of revolutionary fame."

"Well, madam, I have before told you I don't want to quarrel with a woman, but if you have any of the male Harney's about the house, who will give me the tenth part of the insolence that I have listened to from the lips of one old enough to know better,' I will soon show him of what mettle I am made."

"Jeemes, give me your six-shooter," fairly shrieked the old woman, "I'll soon show him. I'll fight you at ten paces, sir."

The General laughed at her last remark, seeing which she became perfectly furious, her sons and daugters begging her to desist from such talk, but the more they cried don't, the less he "*dwindled*."

The family by this time had been made aware that it was a real General at whom this insolence of tongue was being hurled, and the tribulation of the son was great.

The General, after thoroughly warming himself, quietly walked out with his staff, the son followed to the door, making all sorts of apologies for his mother—that she had been sick, was peevish, and at times out of her head. I suggested to him, that I didn't think she would be so apt to go out of her head if John Morgan had come along, instead of a Union man. The General, in the kindness of his heart, and for the sake of his soldiers quartered there, placed a guard around the house to prevent her being troubled in the least while the regiments were passing.

From the Army of the Potomac.

THE REPLY OF THE MAYOR OF FREDERICKSBURG.
HEAD QUARTERS OF ARMY OF POTOMAC,
Falmouth, Va., Saturday, Nov. 21, noon.

The following is the reply of the Mayor of Fredericksburg to the demands of Gen. Burnside, a copy of which, owing to the lateness of the hour, could not be obtained last night:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, FREDERICKSBURG, Nov. 21, 1862.—To Brevet Major General E. V. SUMNER, Commanding United States Army.—SIR—I have received at twenty minutes before five o'clock this afternoon, your communication of this date. In it you state that, under cover of the houses of this town shots have been fired upon the troops of your command—that our mills and manufactories are furnishing provisions and the material for clothing for armed troops in rebellion against the Government of the United States—that our railroads and other means of transportation are removing supplies to the depots of such troops; that this condition of things must terminate; that, by command of Gen. Burnside, you demand the surrender of this town into your hands, as the representative of the Government of the United States, at or before five o'clock this afternoon; and that, failing in an affirmative reply to this demand by the time indicated, sixteen hours will be permitted to elapse for the removal from the town of the women and children—the sick and aged—which period having elapsed, you will proceed to shell the town.

In reply, I have to say that this communication did not reach me in time to convene the Council for its consideration, and furnish a reply by the hour indicated (5 o'clock, P. M.) It was sent to me through the hands of the Commanding officer of the army of the Confederate States, near this town, to whom it was first delivered by consent of Gen. Patrick who brought it from you, as I am informed; and I am authorized by the Commander of the Confederate Army to say that there was no delay in passing it through his hands to me.

In regard to the matters complained of by you, the firing of shots upon your troops, occurred upon the Northern suburbs of the town, and was the act of the military officers commanding the Confederate forces near here, for which matter neither the citizens nor civil authorities of this town are responsible.

In regard to the other matters of complaint I am authorized by the latter officer to say, that the condition of things therein complained of shall no longer exist—that your troops shall not be fired on from this town—that the mills and manufactories here will not furnish any further supplies, provisions or material for clothing for the Confederate troops, nor will the railroads or other means of transportation here convey supplies from the town to the depots of said troops outside of the town.

The civil authorities have no control, but I am assured by the military authorities of the Confederate army near here that nothing will be done by them to infringe upon the conditions herein named as to matters within the town. But the latter authorities inform us that while their troops will not occupy the town, they will not permit yours to do so.

You must be aware that there will not be more than three or four hours of daylight within the sixteen hours given by you for the removal of the sick and wounded, the women and children, and the aged and infirm from this place; and I have to inform you that, while there is no railroad transportation accessible to the town, because of the interruption thereof by your batteries, all other means of transportation within the town are so limited as to render the removal of the masses of persons spoken of within the time indicated an utter impossibility.

I have convened the Council, which will remain in session awaiting any further communication you may have to make.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

M. SLAUGHTER, Mayor.

Last night was a busy one in Fredericksburg, the inhabitants being engaged in removing their persons and property. The military authorities were also not idle, as daylight this morning revealed to view a line of earthworks to the right and rear of the town, the result of last night's labor. Our artillery is now being placed in the most favorable positions, while the encampments which were within range of the enemy's guns are being moved further back from the river.

There are very strong reasons for not opening upon the city to-day, unless we are forced to do so by the enemy. The rebels have just fired a few shots, but no response has been made.

From the South.

TWO SOLDIERS ESCAPED FROM ATLANTA—SEVEN UNION SOLDIERS HUNG—REBEL REPORTS—ST. MARY'S, GA., BOMBARDED

CAIRO, Nov. 20.—A letter from Corinth says, that John Porter of the 21st Ohio, and Williams of the 23d Ohio, arrived there from Atlanta, Georgia. They belonged to a party of 25 men sent out by Gen. Mitchell last summer, and were captured by the rebels. They make the following statement:—Capt. Andrews, Geo. R. Wilson, Marion Ross, P. G. Shadrock and Wm. Campbell of the 2d Ohio, Wouldgin M. Scott of the First Ohio, and Samuel Slaven of the Thirty-third Ohio, were tried at Knoxville and hung in Atlanta, June 18th. The others remained in prison until twenty-two days since, when they broke jail, but as they scattered as soon as they got out, it was impossible to tell what became of them.

The following are from the Grenada Appeal: *Chattanooga*, Nov. 13.—Forrest's cavalry had a skirmish with the Unionists on the Franklin road on Tuesday, and killed 20 and wounded 50 or 60. Being reinforced, Forrest withdrew.

Kirby Smith is sick at Chattanooga.

The Savannah Republican of the 13th says, on Sunday last the Union men attempted to land at St. Mary's, Georgia, but were repulsed. The gun-boats then shelled and completely destroyed the town.

A Speech from Beauregard.

[From the Savannah Republican, Nov. 4.]

Without previous notice, the gallant Fourth Louisiana Battalion, and the Forty-seventh Georgia regiment, which fought together on Lamar Island, entered the city about 11 o'clock, last night, in a torch light procession, with banners flying and a fine band of music in the lead. They proceeded through the city to the Pulaski House, and soon it became evident that their intention was to pay a deserved honor to the gallant chief now in command of the troops at Charleston and Savannah—Gen. Beauregard.

Soon an immense crowd of citizens was collected in the vicinity, and the troops drew up in front of the hotel, with their torches in full flame, presenting a grand appearance. Several popular airs having been discoursed from the band, three cheers were given for Gen. Beauregard, in response to which the hero of Manassas and Corinth appeared on the balcony, and was greeted with immense cheering from the multitude below. Order being restored, the General addressed the company substantially as follows:

My Friends:—I thank you for this very high compliment, which I regard as not paid to me personally but to the glorious cause in which we have attempted to uphold, on several important fields since the commencement of this revolution. I am proud now to be placed here to aid in the defence of Charleston and Savannah—the most spirited and enterprising cities of the South—for they did a larger business in direct importation during the blockade than they ever did before it. [Laughter.] Should the Yankees make a visit to these cities, I hope we will give them so warm a reception that but few of them will ever return. [Cheers.] The reception that I would give them would be with bloody hands to hospitable graves." [Cheers.]

But, my friends, I do not appear before you to make a speech, and for several reasons—first, it is a time for action, not speaking; and secondly, my throat has been left in such a condition by recent illness, that the only way in which I can speak now is through the mouths of my cannon. Again thanking you for these cordial manifestations of your regard, I bid you, friends, good night.

The speech over, three rousing cheers and a tiger were given for Beauregard, and the band played "Hail to the Chief," during which the General remained in the balcony. The music having stopped, he retired, and the commissioned officers of the two corps entered the hotel and paid their respects to their Commander in-Chief. These courtesies over, the band gave a parting tune, and the column moved back to their camps.

RETALIATION IN EAST TENNESSEE.—There will be a fearful retaliation on the rebels in East Tennessee when General Rosecrans passes through Cumberland Gap. The Louisville Journal says:

The unwritten history of the war in Kentucky is full of horrors. A correspondent writing from Crab Orchard on the 31st ult. gave us some of the sad particulars of the hanging of Capt. H. King and fifteen other loyal citizens by Kirby Smith's troops on their passage out of the State, in the vicinity of the Cumberland Gap. It was not pretended that Capt. King's party were guilty of bushwacking or of engaging in irregular warfare of any kind, as they had been organized only for the defence of their homes. It is but natural that such atrocities should excite a spirit of retaliation, and that spirit has already been manifested. On Thursday, the 6th inst., a party of loyal men visited the vicinity of Hackney's Corners, two and a half miles from Big Rockcastle river, and captured a party of nine men, belonging to different corps of the Rebel army. The captives were held in custody but a short time, but were executed upon a tree not far from the scene of the outrage perpetrated a short time ago by Kirby Smith's pickets. In fact these outraged citizens announce their determination to hang any rebel soldier caught between Mount Vernon and London, and in the execution of the nine men their threat was carried out.

A perfect terror exists in that unhappy portion of the State, and our informant states that the residents along the public thoroughfares are all forsaking their homes and seeking safety in the mountain wilds.

THE Jackson Mississipian, of Oct. 24, says: "*There must be a million bales of cotton in the States of Louisiana and Mississippi*, and it is not expecting too much that half of it will be offered to the Government. The agent for the Southwest, Mr. De Bow, is, we understand, prepared to take that quantity, and pay for it in the 8 per cent. bonds, which are nearly, if not quite, at par every where, and will soon be worth a premium. The rates which he is authorized to give for cotton, and for which he has obtained large quantities, were established by private competition, and are very much above what the planters subscribing to the produce loan were willing to accept a year ago. These rates vary from one to two cents, according to the necessity of the location."

IMPORTANT FROM NEW ORLEANS.

BATTLE NEAR BRASHEAR CITY.

Capture of the Rebel Steamer Sigur—Rebel Forces Defeated.

AFFAIRS IN NEW ORLEANS—GEN. BUTLER'S WORK.

The steamship Potomac, from New Orleans brings news to the 9th instant.

NAVAL BATTLE OFF BRASHEAR CITY.

A correspondent of the Delta, with the naval expedition under Lieutenant Buchanan, off Brashear City, gives an account of a brisk action which took place on the 3d instant, between some of our gunboats and the rebel batteries and gunboats on the Teche. There has been lively work in that region. The rebels have crossed the bay at Brashear City, and have gone up to a point on Bayou Teche, about fourteen miles from Brashear, where they have placed obstructions in the stream, and destroyed the bridge across Bayou Boeuf, together with a large amount of rolling stock. This bridge is about eight miles from Brashear City, and Col. Thomas, with the Eighth Vermont Regiment, was engaged in repairing it. The distance from Thibodauxville to Brashear is about twenty-nine miles. A portion of General Weitzel's command is at Tigerville, about half way between the two places, and as soon as Colonel Thomas completes the repairs on the bridge the whole of his force can be thrown on any point on the road in a few hours.

The Delta's correspondent says:

"The night of our arrival here we chased the rebel gunbort Cotten, but she got away from us by her superior speed. The same night we captured the rebel steamer A. B. Sigur. She is a small boat, about the size of the Fancy Natchez, and is very useful.

"Yesterday (November 4) all the gunboats went up Bayou Teche, found the enemy about fourteen miles from here, and passed above the obstructions they had sunk in the Teche. The boats engaged them for two hours, and drove them off, including the Cotten. The Kinsman bore the brunt of it, and received fifty-four shots in her upper works and hull, and had one man killed (a soldier of the 21st Indiana) and five wounded.

"The pilot, John Bellino, had his leg badly shattered, and died to-day from the effects of amputation. Captain Cook, on the Estrella, received three shots, and had two soldiers of the 21st Indiana killed while working the guns, and one man badly wounded.

"The Diana received three shots, but had no person hurt. She will have to be hauled out, as her stem is shot away. The Calhoun received eight shots, but fortunately they did no material damage.

"Captain Wiggins fought his ship nobly. He was in such a position that he received all the fire from the battery on shore, and at the same time had the Cotten playing upon him. He, however, drove the artillery away, and put several shots into the Cotten.

"The whole rebel force was there, numbering between three and four thousand men, that is said, seventy field-pieces. It is reported to our officers that there is a great deal of damage, and that the Cotten is sunk. They had thrown up a mud fort on this side, but evacuated it on our arrival. An attempt was made to remove the obstructions, but without success; but I think that when General Weitzel arrives, as he will, protection from the sharpshooters on the banks, we can do so.

"The enemy destroyed one thousand hogsheads sugar, a lot of molasses, and also burned ninety-eight cars and steam engines.

"Lieutenant Buchanan has just returned from another trip up the Teche, with the Estrella. He had three men killed by a shot. The Cotten was there. They had a battery on each bank, but he succeeded in driving them all off. I think the Cotten is casemated, as our shell glanced off. She was on fire once. We could plainly see our shot strike her, but she fights bow on."

A CASE OF TARRING AND FEATHERING.—A military commission was sitting in New Orleans to try a number of secessionists who had tarred and feathered a man named Ellis, proprietor of the "People's Course," at the Hopkins plantation. It appears from the evidence that a race was recently run on the course, when two men, named Harrison and Adams, required Ellis to stop the sport, and on his refusal they seized him and arraigned him before a mock tribunal, in which Adams sat as judge, and ordered him to leave the State within twelve hours; that the accused parties were all present except Harrison; that *he was tried as an Abolitionist and a Unionist, dangerous to the peace and dignity of the Confederate States.* After the decision he was required to sign a paper, acknowledging himself an abolitionist, agreeing to give up the track, and accepting the decision. This he refused to do, and he was then taken up two flights of stairs and put in close confinement.

"Some hours afterwards, at midnight, he was taken out, under ostensible orders for the parish prison, but he was taken towards the swamps. He asked to see his friend, Thomas Adams, who, but they refused to wake him at that hour."

Ellis himself testifies as follows: "On arriving at the swamp quite a crowd of people had collected, who called for Burnett, who came forward. He asked what he had done that he should be treated thus, and if they were going to murder him; when Adams, who was there as master of the ceremonies, stated if he had signed the paper all his troubles would have been avoided. Adams asked him if he had any money, and how long it would take him to settle up his affairs. He said he had some eight or ten dollars, and handed that with his club book to Adams. He again inquired what they were going to do with him, when, with an insulting reply, he was told to take off his clothes, and on his refusal, he was struck several times, and they were torn. He asked for fifteen minutes to prepare himself, thinking they would kill him, but it was refused.

"Adams then gave orders that he should be tarred and feathered, and told them to 'put it on good,' and the process was proceeded with. He did not know the men who executed it. After it was over Adams called out, 'Mum's the word! If any man here reveals what has been done to-night *he shall not live forty-eight hours afterwards.* All who are of this mind say aye!' The crowd responded, 'Aye, aye!' 'All who are of different minds,' said Adams, 'will say nay!' But not a man was found. Adams then told Ellis there were one hundred and thirty-nine engaged in the affair, that he could not live if he revealed what had passed, and that God himself could not save him.

"With a kick and a push, as soon as this was over, he was told to go and see his friend Lincoln friends. And in this cruel condition he endeavored to make his way homewards, which was no easy matter, between his feelings at what he had gone through, his not knowing where he was, the fear and shame of being seen, and the physical misery his condition caused him."

General Butler hearing of this outrage, immediately arrested the offenders and organized a military commission to try them. The case had not been concluded when the Potomac left.

GEN. McCLELLAN IN NEW YORK.

Serenade at the Fifth Avenue Hotel—Speech of the General.

General Scott is stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and General McClellan paid his respects to him yesterday morning. Among those who were present at the interview with the youthful general were Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of Md., Judge Nelson, Hon. Lyman Tremaine, Rear-Admiral Stringham, Lieut. Worden, Mrs. Gen. Augur, Senator McDougal, of California, and Mrs. Stephen A. Douglass. As Gen. McClellan passed through the halls he was greeted respectfully by ladies and gentl

ARMY AND NAVY.

A Board of Engineers, for the examination of Engineers for promotion and admission into the Naval service, was convened at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, on Monday last. The Board consists of the following Chief Engineers:—George Gideon, W. C. Wheeler and Charles H. Baker.

Lieut. Commander De Haven has been ordered to the command of the Penobscot.

Paymaster Washington Irving has been ordered to the St. Lawrence.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, November 26, 1862.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER,

PHILADELPHIA.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE

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The publishers of the "Dollar Newspaper," with a view of stimulating the friends of the paper to still further increase its circulation and the sphere of its usefulness, have determined to offer

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$100	for the largest Club, not less than from any one Town.	300
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No competitor to receive more than one premium for the same list of subscribers. This offer commences with the first of November, 1862, and will include all names, accompanied with the subscriptions, received between that date and the 1st day of March 1863.

The premiums above offered, in connection with the abatement in prices allowed in the terms of the paper to those who subscribe in clubs, it is believed will be found inducement sufficient to young men in various neighborhoods to exert themselves in behalf of the "Newspaper."

The direct fruits of a little effort, as here suggested, cannot fail to secure to those making it, not only satisfactory pecuniary rewards, but the consolation of knowing that they have engaged in a work of real advantage to such of their neighbors as they may have induced to become readers of a really instructive Family Newspaper.

News being now the great feature of the times, the publishers of the "Dollar Newspaper" will devote their best energies to command the most reliable intelligence from our armies, giving in each number all

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S. W. corner of Third and Chesnut sts., Philada.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"WHEN WE WENT TO SCHOOL," by H. M. B., we have filed for early publication.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

According to the proclamation of Governor Curtin, to-morrow will be observed throughout the Commonwealth as a day of thanksgiving and praise. O, that it would be so felt. The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, the fruits and vintage are gathered; and hence it becomes us all to keep the festival in obedience to the Chief Magistrate, as grateful Christian men and women.

We have enjoyed rain in its season and sunshine, which have made the earth productive, and for these we should be thankful. To every thing there is a season, and as all these seasons in their turn have been richly enjoyed, now comes the fitting time for thanksgiving, and let it be religiously observed by all.

The social influence of this festival cannot be over-estimated. It affords a pleasant opportunity for those tenderly connected by the ties of consanguinity to meet and greet one another at the old homestead. Once a year, at least, and that when the day of public thanksgiving comes round, do sons and daughters, with those connected with them, gladly return to their homes, where welcomes and greetings of the warmest and most affectionate character await them.

Said a worthy son of New England, "I never but once did I neglect to visit my mother while she lived, after I left home, and ever have I regretted it, because she laid it so much to heart." Let every way ward youth from home consider this before deciding not to go home, if he has one, and can, to gladden the hearts of his regardful parents.

But sorrow, as never before in this happy land, will be mingled with the festival of to-morrow; for many home circles will exhibit more than one vacant chair round the family board, as sons and husbands and fathers are away in camp, in hospitals, or, it may be, in untimely graves. Let all be mindful of such as still live, and with a tear of regret for the early dead, hope that all will soon be well, and the threatened Union again at peace.

Then can we again celebrate this time-honored festival as one people, as in former years. Therefore, give praise and be thankful. Eat your bread with joy and drink your wine with a merry heart, for there is good in all things.

ANOTHER CHANGE OF BASE.

The necessity of capturing Richmond is admitted generally, but the difficulty in reaching it puzzles more than one able General. There have been already three changes of route in the different advances upon it. That by way of Manassas was early abandoned. What General McClellan would have effected by way of the York river and the Pamunkey, can only be conjectured at this time. His plans were interfered with and the attempt a failure in consequence. Burnside, it is understood, has determined now to approach Richmond from Fredericksburg. This will give him from fifty to sixty miles of overland travel for his army, which for so numerous a force ought not to endanger his line of communication. He will have the advantage of water communication for his supplies by the Rappahannock, and will compel Lee to abandon the position he is believed to have taken at Gordonsville, and assume a new one, or retreat to Richmond as the one most defensible. The army has already commenced its forward movement. After it has been concentrated at Fredericksburg, a few days more will bring it so close to Richmond that a battle will be imminent, if the place is to be taken by assault; or if siege operations are necessary, that warlike implement, the spade—special object of disgust to radical politicians—will be put again into service, and no one can tell how long thereafter the siege may continue. It seems to be settled, however, in the minds of the military authorities at Washington that Richmond is to fall before Christmas. Towards this object all the power and resources of the government will for the present be directed.

SETTLEMENT OF SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.

One great grievance to the soldiers in our army is the dilatoriness of the Department at Washington, in passing upon and paying soldiers' claims. Whether this arises from the want of clerical force, or from the common practice among official employees of giving but six or eight hours daily to the public, the grievance is one which ought to be corrected. Persons have been kept waiting for nearly one year after the presentation of their claims for back pay and bounty, to say nothing of the time after the claim was allowed they were kept waiting for the money. From both of these causes a great deal of embarrassment has arisen, and the case promises to be worse when the pension claims for all the wounded soldiers come before the Department. At the present rate of progress in business of this kind, a wounded soldier would grow gray before his claim would be decided. If the clerical force is not strong enough, Congress should early make some provision to increase it, and if the evil arises from too few hours devoted to the public business, the Head of Department has it in his power to remedy it at once. There is no doubt an unusual press of business at the present time, but arrangements ought to be made by which no person will be kept waiting beyond a reasonable time for his business to be attended to. The best way to encourage our soldiers to do their duty, is for the Government to deal promptly and justly by them. More dissatisfaction is created in the army and at home among the soldiers' families from this cause than from any other.

A "FIRE IN THE REAR."

A soldier dreads a fire in the rear more than he does a fire in the front. Yet almost every successful General has to encounter this kind of annoyance. The intriguing politicians who usually gather at Washington, and have their organs over the whole country, make every public movement subservient to the Presidency, for their patriotism generally extends no further than the interests of their party, and their first desire is their party always in power. So soon, therefore, as a soldier, by his skill and bravery, attracts too much of the public regard and favor, he begins to be annoyed by the mousing politicians, who try to injure him with the Administration, and if he is not fretted into resignation he will have to stand a fierce assault upon his reputation as a soldier and continual disparagement of his abilities in the field.

Gen. Scott in the Mexican war was annoyed in this way, even before he commenced his splendid campaign, and all through the war he found politicians at Washington listening favorably to the complaints which professional and political jealousy instigated. He entered an earnest and emphatic protest against this fire in the rear, which would eventually have destroyed his usefulness to his country, but that he fortunately was in too distant a field to feel its full effects. Gen. McClellan has been another victim to the intrigues of politicians, who have kept up such a continual fire in his rear that it is questionable, even with all his merits as a soldier, whether the great qualities he has shown himself to possess, would be really as useful to his country in putting down rebellion, as more ordinary talents in command of the army, which at least would fail to excite special jealousy, and therefore would not be embarrassed by interference or weakened by opposition. Gen. Burnside has now command of the army, and the first thing he stipulates for is that there shall be no fire in his rear, no intriguing politicians at Washington controlling the action of the Administration, no adherence to political schemes frustrating military operations. He asks only to be let alone to effect the purpose of his campaign in the way his own judgment shall approve. If not interfered with, Burnside will probably effect that object as quickly as any other general, but the signs are not so auspicious for him as he could desire. There are indications already that his position is desired by the radical politicians of the country for another person, and such journals as the New York Tribune daily abound in laudatory puffs of "fighting Joe Hooker," which are evidently preparing the way for an assault upon Burnside and supercedure, so soon as he gives the first decent opportunity for a louder clamor. We trust that these evil influences will not be permitted to exercise any sway over the mind of the President, but that if he adhere to the rule which it is said he has adopted, of making success the measure of ability, he will see himself that this success is not defeated by any improper interference with the plan of campaign.

OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

While the facts respecting the destination and strength of the expedition to open the Mississippi are carefully kept from the newspapers in this quarter, those of the West publish all the details, so that the rebels will be at no loss for information. The force will be about 50,000 land troops, all Western and Northwestern men, with cavalry and artillery, and a fleet, under Com. Porter, of ten gunboats and one hundred and twenty-one guns. The intention first is to reduce Vicksburg, and for this object a co-operating fleet will advance from New Orleans. The expedition of General McClernand will be ready to move by the 10th of December, perhaps earlier. It will be followed by the gunboats of General Ellett, who will have a large force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, to keep the river clear of guerrillas and rebel batteries. Gen. Ellett's command will be quartered upon armed transports, so that it can be moved rapidly to any point where its presence may be required; and it will have, in conjunction with the gunboats, complete surveillance of the lower Mississippi and its navigable tributaries, so that when the river is once opened it will remain open, and its navigation become entirely safe to steamers.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—General Burnside is at Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, but the army has advanced no further. Notwithstanding the movements in that quarter, there seems to be a doubt whether that is the real line of advance for the army. There is talk of reaching Richmond by way of the York or James river, and from the assembling of the gunboats in the latter river, there is some appearance of truth in such reports. It is probable that Richmond will be assaulted in more than one quarter, and the James River will be one of the approaches. The assistance derived from the gunboats, and the nearness with which the army can approach Richmond by the river, are advantages so obvious that the apparent abandonment of McClellan's plan for the capture of Richmond seemed like a wilful surrender of them. The possible resumption of this plan with the combined operation of both land and naval forces, gives better assurance that the work will be effectually done, and at the smallest sacrifice of the lives of our troops. If this is the intention of the Government, the advance will not be so rapid as the public expected.

THE ADVANCE IN THE PRICE OF PETROLEUM.—Refined petroleum has gone up recently from sixty-eight cents per gallon to one dollar and ten cents. Some of the journals attribute this rise to the lessened product of oil at the wells, and say the supply is failing. This, however, is not the true reason. The cause is scarcity, but a scarcity arising from suspension of the business of refining. In June the most of the refiners stopped work, under the fear that the Government tax would ruin the business. After three months of suspension, work was resumed by some of the refiners, but bad roads to the oil wells made the getting out of crude oil a slow process. Meanwhile the stock in market has been greatly reduced by consumption and foreign shipments. Many of the most extensive refiners have orders on hand for all they can make in a month, and the prospect is that high prices will rule for a few weeks to come. The foreign demand is very large, as in Europe the oil is used directly for manufacturing gas. Some of the richest and most expensive colors used for dyeing are obtained from the petroleum.

DEATH OF BRIG.-GEN'L F. E. PATTERSON.—General Frank Patterson died in camp, at Fairfax Court House, on the 21st inst. His death will cause regret in a very large circle of friends and acquaintances. He was a brave and accomplished officer, had seen service in the regular army in Mexico, and was among the first to take to Washington the regiment he commanded at the breaking out of the rebellion. After his regiment was mustered out of service he was elected a Brigadier-General of the Reserve Brigade, and subsequently was appointed a Brigadier-General by the President, and was assigned to Hooker's Division. In the Peninsula war this brigade was highly distinguished. The men were warmly attached to their General, and had confidence in his military judgment and bravery. They lose a friend, and the service a valuable office.

ANOTHER ABSURD RUMOR.—The report from England that the Emperor of the French has made a proposal to her Majesty's Government that France, England and Russia shall jointly recommend to the belligerents in North America a suspension of hostilities, is no doubt as groundless as all the previous reports respecting the action of these powers in regard to American affairs have proven to be. A sensation story gives as much interest to European journals as it does to our own, and no matter how improbable it may be, it will find readers and believers. A recommendation to suspend hostilities would amount to nothing, and therefore the European governments will not be silly enough to make it.

TROUBLE IN THE CHARLESTOWN (MASS.) NAVY YARD.—The work on the Government vessels at the Charlestown (Mass.) Navy Yard, came to a dead stand on Monday, the blacksmiths in the employment of the Government refusing to work unless their wages were raised. Some three or four were discharged for insubordination, but the whole of them threaten to go unless their demands are complied with.

THE DRAFTED MEN DESERTING.—The drafted men in the camp at Harrisburg, it is said, desert by hundreds. The Lancaster Express says, of the eleven hundred men who left that county for the camp only about four hundred remain. At camp Hare, Pittsburg, the same complaint is made. Nearly all the substitutes run away.

DEATH OF REAR-ADMIRAL LAVALLETTE.—Rear-Admiral Elie A. F. Lavellette, of the U. S. Navy, died in this city on Tuesday evening, in his 73d year. He was a native of Virginia, though appointed from Pennsylvania, and has been in service over 50 years. He entered the navy as sailing master in 1812.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Davenport continue their engagement at the *Walnut* through the present week, and now that they have come back to the legitimate, in which they both so much excel, we can promise the patrons of this theatre really attractive performances. We consider Mr. Davenport one of the very best actors on the American stage. His rich, mellow, sonorous, yet musical voice, and quiet, yet impassioned and effective acting, in our opinion, more resembles the elder Vandenhoff, than do those essential qualities than in any other with in our recollection. Well supported in the leading female parts by Mrs. D., as he is, they will this week afford us something in the theatrical way worth witnessing. He opened the week in "Richelieu," and, it is estimated, will continue in plays of similar merit throughout the week. In the productions of such playwrights as Shakspeare, Bulwer, Knowles, etc., the stage is a most pleasing and effective school of instruction, and instead of discouraging the attendance of the young on such exhibitions, censure would show itself more wise by aiming to reform accompanying abuses if they still exist, and thus render the stage what it was originally designed to be, and what in most of our leading theatres, it still is—a test for correct reading and speaking, a school of good behavior and of morals—for in every well digested plot crime is punished and virtue rewarded. As effective and touching lessons in favor of morals and religion have been enunciated from the stage as was ever read from a pulpit, and, as a proof of this assertion, if the Davenports continue in the legitimate drama this week, go see them.

At the *Arch* Street Theatre, the funny Clarke continues to crowd the theatre nightly in all its parts. During the past week he brought out a new piece called "Peter Waxem," by Mrs. De Walden, a production, it is said, admirably calculated to develope the humor of Mr. Clarke. The Arch Street management seem to have "struck a vein" in the engagement of Clarke, which grows richer the further it is run. In the daily recital of the tragic incidents of real life, the people have enough of horror and flee to the Arch for something to laugh at as a relief.

On Monday evening, of this week, Gardner and Hemmings opened their Amphitheatre and Circus at National Hall, Market street. This hall has been handsomely fitted up for the purpose, and has opened with a fine stud of horses, ponies, mules and full troupe of acrobats. The transformation of this well known public hall into a first-rate amphitheatre is one of those freaks of magic which true enterprise can alone effect. The National Hall, one of the largest in the country, is now properly fitted up with all the accommodation necessary for a regular circus, in which preparations for the comfort of the audience have been very carefully looked to. As a family resort—one to which ladies and children may repair with freedom—this new house supplies a desideratum which has been felt for some years.

The new *Chesnut* Street Theatre, above Twelfth street, has been leased by Mr. William Wheatley, so well and favorably known in this city as any accomplished actor, a competent manager, and a thorough gentleman, who will open it to the public the latter part of the coming month—probably about the 27th—with Mr. Edwin Forrest. It is to be fitted up and maintained in one of the most finished and *recherche* theatres in the United States, and to insure the success of an enterprise of its character, the house being of less capacity than the Academy of Music, and yet in a more prominent location, probably rather higher prices of admission will be charged. There can scarcely be a doubt of its success. Already anxiety is evinced for its opening.

Abel & Co.'s Stereopticon, at the Assembly Building, is most extensively patronized by the public. The managers have announced for this week a series of faithful photographic views of battle scenes of the present war, which will be produced with many marvellous and surprising effects. Extra performance will be given on Thanksgiving day.

The *Eleventh Street Opera House* has had another grand triumph during the past week. For the present we have new songs, new dances, new ballads, new operas, &c. Two splendid performances will be given on Thanksgiving day.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

Cant is the spirit of whine.

☞ Rebel Governor Rector of Arkansas has resigned.

☞ There has been a fire at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., involving a loss of $12,000.

☞ Kind words are the flowers of benevolence; kind deeds the fruit.

☞ The yellow fever has entirely disappeared from Port Royal.

☞ If a man is not satisfied with a little, it is very certain he will never have enough.

☞ It is unfortunate for a country when its men of principle are not its principal men.

☞ Long words, like long dresses, hide something wrong about the understanding.

☞ No woman is a beauty to her *femme-de-chambre*, it is said.

☞ Man is the image and glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man.

☞ He that has a trade has an office of profit and honor.

☞ An ounce of wit that is bought is worth a pound that is taught.

☞ Look fate full in the eye; it quails before the resolute.

☞ Losses drive good people to their prayers, bad ones to their curses.

☞ It is said that before many days there will be a batch of dismissals from the army for cause.

☞ The New York papers—Radical and Conservative—call for the immediate punishment of Kennedy, the woman persecutor.

☞ The Pope has sent a magnificent string of beads to the Prince Imperial of France, who has begun learning his catechism.

☞ Secretary Chase has ordered that the plates for the production of the postal currency be so multiplied as to admit of the production of $200.000 per day.

☞ The Express says that the world of Fashion is returning to New York, and will soon open her doors. Shoddy's carriage stops the way!

☞ The marriage of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandria, &c., has been postponed from the 13th of November to the 12th of January next.

☞ Richard Field has been appointed Senator of New Jersey to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. J. R. Thompson. The term expires on the 4th of March.

☞ Three other deaths are reported from the railway accident at Charles river. The bodies are missing, and are supposed to be drowned and swept away by the current.

☞ It is rumored in diplomatic circles that Lord Lyons will soon visit Richmond, and that after his return, there may be some propositions made for a partial removal of the blockade.

☞ In the United States Supreme Court at Washington, the black silk robes are abolished, the new members being averse to them, and at the next session the judges will sit in simple broadcloth.

☞ The Troy Whig says that smoke still continues to issue from the ruins of a coffee and spice establishment destroyed by the great fire which occurred there in May last, six months ago.

☞ In Portland, the other day, an order was received by an apothecary for twenty cents' worth of "Sulfurick Haside." The presumption was that the order was for sulphuric acid.

☞ When the Democrats carried Ohio, the President poked sticks at Secretary Chase. When the Democrats carried New York, the President poked sticks at Seward. The Democrats having carried Illinois, Seward and Chase commenced balancing the books by poking sticks at the President.

☞ While the flames were consuming the Rossin House, Toronto, one of the proprietors offered twelve of the Toronto firemen $1000 each if they would follow his lead and operate where he was certain they could extinguish the flames. They declined the offer, not having nerve enough. The loss above the insurance is $100,000.

☞ There were 251 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 129 were adults and 122 children. There were 30 from consumption of the lungs; 11 from convulsions; 3 from diptheria; 9 from diarrhœa; 17 from debility; 10 from typhoid fever; 21 from inflammation of the lungs; 4 from marasmus, and 4 from gunshot wounds. Deaths and interments of soldiers in this city.

☞ Van Amburg's elephant Hannibal is as mischievous as a radical politician. He is always up to some mischief and his last exploit was breaking open the wagon of a candy peddler who followed the show, and gobbled down six thousand gingerbread cakes, seventy pounds of assorted candy, and forty pounds of French kisses. It is a question among eye-witnesses which was the most sublime spectacle, the complacency of Hannibal after going through the establishment, or the frantic despair of the candy peddler upon discovering the extent of his loss.

☞ At the last session of the Pennsylvania Legislature a law was passed to prevent the spread of the Canada thistle. "Hereafter any individual or corporation allowing the Canada thistle to ripen on his or on their premises, shall be liable to a fine of ten dollars, upon each complaint that is properly established; and any one who may fear the spread of the Canada thistle upon his premises from the lands of his careless or thriftless neighbor, may, after five days' notice, enter upon any lands where the weed is found growing, cut it, and recover full costs for the labor and trouble."

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

From Fortress Monroe.

THE RICHMOND PRESS ON BURNSIDE'S MOVEMENTS.

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 23.—The flag of truce steamboat New York arrived this afternoon from City Point, bringing four hundred and twenty exchanged Union prisoners, in charge of Captain Mulford, of the Third New York regiment.

The Richmond Examiner of Nov. 22d, says: A message sent into the Georgia Legislature by Gov. Brown, in reference to the Yankee raid on St. Mary's, produced another commotion about conscription, State defences, &c. The Senate passed a bill to call out the militia.

The tobacco destroyed at Fredericksburg was worth from $75,000 to $100,000. The tobacco was seized because it was believed it had been brought to Fredericksburg for the purpose of bartering it off to Northern men in the event of the town being again occupied by the Union army.

The recent incursion of the Yankees into the interior of North Carolina makes it apparent that but little has been done to defend this country, and the families of Eastern North Carolina are moving with their negroes to a safer locality.

It is improper for us to state what measures are now being taken to obstruct the Neuse, Tar and Roanoke rivers; but we may state that the whole summer was permitted to pass away without an effort to obstruct these rivers. The most fertile districts of the South are passing from us one by one, and the Government will have reason to regret the blind and negligent policy of surrendering those rivers.

At a late hour last night a despatch was received here stating that General Patrick, of the Union army, came over to General Lee's headquarters, (near Fredericksburg), with a flag of truce, and informed Gen. Lee that unless he surrendered or evacuated the town by 9 o'clock this morning it would be shelled and burned. Gen. Lee refused to treat with Gen. Patrick, and ordered all women, children and non-combatants out of town. It is understood that the city is to be held by our forces. While no just cause can be given for shelling the town, yet the impression is strongly entertained that the enemy will do so, in hopes that the place will be evacuated, and thus the Rappahannock may be crossed by them. The Potomac river is covered with vessels, and it is not improbable that Gen. Burnside is at this time embarking his army at points along the Potomac, Aquia Creek and Potomac Creek, for the real point of attack on Richmond.

The main column for this attack will, it is supposed, move via Suffolk, and the lesser columns from other points.

EXTRACTS FROM SOUTHERN PAPERS.

Prisoners.—One hundred and ten abolitionists, captured a few days ago at Snicker's Ferry, arrived last evening, and were lodged in the Libby prison.

The Yankee Counterfeit Case.—The case of Charles Linder and Frederick Grope, charged with circulating counterfeit Yankee notes, was concluded before the Mayor yesterday. Linder was discharged, as it appeared his part of the circulation was innocently done. Grope was held for further examination.

Hawley's Cavalry.—This well-disciplined company is now doing excellent service below Richmond, and have recently accomplished several very desirable, but for the present, unmentionable objects.

The editorial speaks of the utter hopelessness of recognition by foreign powers so long as the war lasts, and says this is not the doctrine which has existed among nations heretofore. France recognized the colonies long before the war ended. "But, thank Heaven, we are not dependent on the favors of outsiders. While we should like our justly earned rights, we owe our dependence on none but Him who rules among the nations. We will but arouse ourselves the more and fight the harder."

Passes South for Females.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—In answer to daily inquiries and informal applications, notice is again given that all applications made by ladies to go to their friends and families in the South, must be made in writing and verified by oath previous to the 16th day of December next, and each applicant must state:

First—Her name, age and residence.

Second—The date when she came within the military lines of the United States, for what purpose, and where she has since resided.

Third—The place she desires to go to, and the purpose or object thereof.

The persons to whom leave may be granted will be sent with a suitable escort from Washington to the lines of the United States forces, with such personal effects as shall be allowed to pass.

No person will be allowed to take more than the trunk or package of female wearing apparel, weighing not over one hundred pounds, and subject to inspection; and any contraband property will forfeit the same, and subject the party to imprisonment during the war.

Applicants are also notified that immediately after the expiration of the time for making applications, a list of the names of the persons to whom leave is granted will be published, and the time and place designated.

Children, if desired, will be allowed to accompany their mothers and relatives, who have permits, and take their usual wearing apparel, but the name and age of each child must be given in the application.

(Signed) L. C. TURNER,
Mayor and Judge Advocate.

From St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 24.—The Democrat has information that the rebels are now busy fortifying Port Hudson, 150 miles above New Orleans.

The same engineer, who laid out the works at Vicksburg, has just completed the plans of the fortifications at Fort Hudson. Ten or twelve guns are now in position, and in two weeks from the present time, Fort Hudson will be as strong as Vicksbug, and prove a serious bar to the ascent of Admiral Farragut's fleet.

The rebels are now running steamboats from Port Hudson to Lake Providence, a distance of more than three hundred miles, and are also running boats on Red River, bringing immense supplies of cattle from Texas, and large quantities of salt from the new salt works on the Red river, about fifty miles above the mouth.

It is stated that these works produce 10,000 bushels daily, all of which is sent East via Vicksburg. One object of the fortifications at Port Hudson, is to to prevent the United States forces reaching these salt works.

General Scofield and staff arrived here last night. The General's health, though not fully restored, is rapidly improving.

Bank Robbery.

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 24.—The Freeman's Bank of Bristol, R. I., was robbed between the time of closing the doors on Saturday and opening them this morning, of the sum of $15,000 in bills on various banks, and a large amount of bonds, notes and other papers. Some of the specie in the vaults was taken.

The War in Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 22.—Seventy-five of Morgan and Forest's men were brought in to-day. On Thursday we captured a guerrilla provision train near Clarksville, and thirty prisoners. General Bragg is at Tullahoma. Brownlow and Maynard addressed an immense crowd last night. The Union war feeling is increasing. The telegraphing of military intelligence is prohibited.

REPORTED EVACUATION OF MURFREESBORO'.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 21.—Murfreesboro' is said to be evacuated by the rebels, who are retiring to Tullahoma, which they are fortifying.

Bragg's army is divided into two corps under Generals Polk and Hardie.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 22.—Gen. Davis captured 43 rebels to-day, 15 of whom were scouting on Stone's river.

Heavy cannonading was heard this morning in the direction of Lebanon. The cause is unknown.

The rebels report Bragg to be moving on Murfreesboro', instead of that place being evacuated.

Letters received here say that Jeff Davis requires Bragg to fight for every inch of Tennessee soil.

Breckinridge's division has occupied Shelbyville, and the rest of the rebel army is south of Duck river, fortifying Elk Ridge.

Kirby Smith's corps was crossing the Tennessee river on Wednesday or Thursday.

The bridge across the Tennessee river at Bridgeport is nearly finished.

MR. COBDEN ON INTERVENTION.

Mr. Cobden seems to have the most clear and common-sense ideas respecting intervention of all English statesmen. Having none of the aristocratic prejudices against democracies to overcome, or to create prejudice in his mind, he is able to look at the facts as they occur and judge dispassionately of them. He seems also to appreciate better the spirit of our people, their aptitude to war, and the resources at their command, to make it an expensive undertaking for any government to come into collision by any unnecessary and improper intermeddling with them. In his recent speech at Rochdale, published in another column, he points out to England how absurd would be the attempt to impose her will upon the people of the United States, how ineffectual her interference would be, and what probable consequences would arise to herself. If sympathy for the starving poor in England should prompt to such a step, Mr. Cobden shows that it would be far less expensive to England to maintain the poor population in her kingdom for ten years, than to engage for six months in a war with the United States. This argument is one which the common sense of England can understand, for it appeals to her interest, which is always a governing influence with that nation. A short time ago such sentiments as Mr. Cobden utters would have been very distasteful in England, and even now the feeling of hostility among the aristocratic portion of the nation is as strong as ever; but this feeling is measurably controlled by just such considerations as Mr. Cobden presents in his speech, and intervention is no longer to be considered as either imminent or alarming. Our preparations to meet such a contingency have proved our best protection against it.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, November 24, 1862.

General McClellan continues to receive numerous visiters at his rooms, in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, but not one-half the people who send up their cards have an opportunity to present their congratulations in person. Senator Latham, of California, Mayor Opdyke, ex-Mayor Wood, Gen. Scott, Marshall O. Roberts, and Mr. Forrest, I am told were among those who were favored with an interview. The city authorities have not yet formally tendered the General the hospitalities of the city, but it is possible the special committee appointed to discharge that duty will wait upon him.

We have heard nothing of late about the draft. Many are beginning to doubt whether we shall ever hear anything more about it. General Anthon says he is disgusted with the shilly-shally policy which prevails at Albany on the subject, and unless Governor Morgan and Adjutant General Hillhouse come to some definite decision about it, it is probable he will send in his resignation. The machinery for the draft was all ready weeks ago, and nothing is more certain than that New York is short of its quota, but for some reason or other the authorities refuse to go ahead. This is not fair, either to the army or to the people of those States that have not sought to dodge the draft.

A preliminary examination of the sailors accused of murder on board the ship Robert L. Lare, which arrived here last Thursday, was had on Friday afternoon. It appears, from the statement of the first mate, that one of the sailors was ordered to the wheel and refused to go, whereupon the captain attempted to put him in irons. The crew endeavored to protect the man and during the scuffle which ensued the captain was killed. The mate instantly seized a handspike and striking the murderer killed him on the spot. The rest of the crew seeing the determination of the mate proceeded at once about their duties. The ship had on board 160 passengers, a number of whom are detained as witnesses.

The Rev. Dr. Forbes, who, some years ago, left the Episcopal Church and went over to the Romish Communion, having got tired of his choice, has returned to his first love—in other words, has returned to the Church from which he had apostatized. Hereafter he will officiate at Trinity Chapel, as assistant to Rev. Dr. Higbee.

A woman, closely veiled, called at the house of a Mrs. Duman, just after dark on Saturday, and as soon as the occupant, an old lady, came to the door, a phial of vitriol was dashed on her person. Luckily, it missed her face, or it probably would have been the death of her. As it was, her dress was nearly burnt off her person. The woman was off as soon as the bottle was thrown.

The (abortion) case of Clementine Anderson, was further investigated by the coroner, on Saturday. The result was, the committal to prison of Dr. Browne, and a warrant for the arrest of Augustus L. Simms (the seducer), as an accessory before and after the fact. Dr. Brown's housekeeper, Eliza Gordon, was also held as a witness. Simms is still missing, but the police are making every endeavor to ferret him out. The excitement in the vicinity of Browne's house is very great, and it has been deemed necessary to station a large police force in the neighborhood, to preserve order.

In the Court of General Sessions, on Saturday, Shadrach Reed was convicted of manslaughter in the third degree, in causing the death of a man named Donnelly, on the 5th of October last, and sentenced to the State Prison for four years and six months.

It was reported at the police headquarters, on Saturday, that Superintendent Kennedy has declared his intention of resigning, not for anything he has done in the Brinsmade case, but for the disposition which he has been shown by his associates in the Board of Police Commissioners to make a scapegoat of him.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market for State and Western flour is quite firm, with a moderate demand. The sales are 10,400 bbls. at $5 65 a 5 75 for superfine State; $5 95 a 6 for extra do.; $5 65 a 5 75 for superfine Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, &c., and $6 a 6 25 for extra do., including shipping brands of round hoop Ohio, at $6 75 a 6 80, and trade brands of do. at $6 90 a 8 25. Southern flour is in moderate request; the sales include 700 barrels at $5 60 a 6 90 for superfine Baltimore; $7 a 9 for extra do.; $7 75 a 8 50 for Brandywine, and $7 75 a 8 50 for Georgetown. Canadian flour is a shade better, with sales of 450 barrels at $6 a 6 15 for common to good, and $6 20 a 8 25 for choice extra brands. Rye Flour is steady, with sales of 100 bbls. at $4 50a6 50 for the range of fine and superfine. Corn Meal is in moderate request with sales of 100 bbls. We quote Jersey at $3 75; Marsh's caloric at $4 25; Brandywine at $4 25, and puncheons at $19. Wheat is in moderate export demand and prices are 1c. higher. The sales are 14,600 bus. Chicago Spring at $1 17a1 24; 12,000 bus. Milwaukee Club at $1 22a1 31. 29,000 bushels amber Iowa at $1 33a1 44; 6500 bushels Mixed Western, at $1 40a1 50, and 22,500 bushels White Michigan at $1 54a1 60. Rye is steady at 80c for Western and 92 a 94 for State. Barley is in fair demand, with sales of 9500 bushels State and Canada East at $1 40 a 1 52 according to quality. Oats are more active, and the market is firmer, with large sales at 66 a 69c for common to prime, part to arrive and part in store, including a considerable lot of prime State at the latter rate. Corn is a little firmer, with a good export and home trade demand. The sales are 99,000 bushels at 70 a 71 for shipping lots of mixed Western; 65 a 69 for Eastern; 59 a 61 for damaged and heated, and 75 a 76 for white Western.

COTTON is dull and heavy, with small sales at 66 a 67 for middling uplands.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is quiet and the market closes at about the rates of yesterday. The sales are 650 bbls. at $13 25 a 13 37½ for mess, closing dull at the inside rate: $11 50 a 11 62½ for prime, and $13 a 16 for old and new prime mess. Dressed Hogs are firm at 6 a 6½c. Beef is a little more active, with sales of 850 barrels at $8 a 10 75 for country mess; $5 50 a 7 for country prime; $12 a 13 50 for repacked Western, and $13 50 a 14 25 for extra mess. Prime Mess Beef is quiet, with small sales at $20 a 22. Beef Hams are inactive and prices are nominally unchanged. Bacon Sides are quiet, the views of buyers and sellers being diverse. Cut Meats are unchanged, with sales of 160 casks at 7½ for hams, and 3¾a4¼ for shoulders. Lard is dull and heavy, with sales of 1374 tierces and barrels at 9¼a9¾ for No. 1, 9¼a10 for steam, and 9¾a10 for kettle rendered—including 500 barrels prime, deliverable in December at 9¾. Butter is firm and in good demand at our figures. Cheese is in good request and prices are unchanged.

TALLOW is quiet, and prices are unchanged.

WHISKY is more active and prices are firm, with sales of 1300 barrels at 37a37½ for State and Western.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—The following communication has been lying on our table several days, awaiting space in our columns for publication:

Editor "Newspaper":—The second section of the act of July 17th, 1862, fixed in your money article of Friday last, reads as follows:

"Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That from and after the first day of August, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, no *private* corporation, banking association, firm, or individual shall make, issue circulate or pay any note, check, memorandum, token or other obligation, for a less sum than one dollar intended to circulate as money, or to be received and used in lieu of lawful money of the United States; and every person so offending shall, on conviction thereof in any District or Circuit Court of the United States, be punished by fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or by both, at the option of the court."

It will be seen that this does not apply to the circulation of the small notes issued by cities and towns, which are not *private*, but *municipal* corporations, and which are not prohibited from issuing such paper. E.

Commissioner Boutwell, it is reported, makes the same distinction between a "private" and a "municipal" corporation, and by the same interpretation of the law as that made by our correspondent, declares "municipal" issues of currency legal. This may be the true interpretation, but there are many intelligent persons who think otherwise. The reading and the whole spirit of the section of the law above quoted goes to show that the intention of Congress was to shut off all small issues likely to come in competition with the Government "Stamp Currency." The field was to be kept entirely open for its free circulation, a full supply of which was supposed to be entir

CHILDE HAROLD'S RETURN.

Childe Harold came, an aged man,
With feeble step and slow,
With sunken cheek and visage wan,
And body bending low.
When he had sought he had not found
On any distant shore,
Sweet peace of mind, the heart's rebound:
And now he hoped no more.

But still, as age came creeping on,
And silvered o'er his hair,
While wandering sadly, far, alone,
In sorrow and despair, [gleam,
Sweet thoughts of home, of childhood's
Of innocence and joy,
Came back like a remembered dream:
He was again a boy.

Fierce passion's surges lulled to rest,
Resentments all subdued,
A softened feeling filled his breast,
In his sad solitude.
He rose, and once more left his lair,
To seek his native sphere;
Though he remembered no one there,
To claim of him a tear.

But he was worn, and sorrow's hand
Had brought back feelings true;
'Twas much, for him, to find again
One being whom he knew.
He came: and oh, what joy to find
All had not passed away!
Some fair in form as pure in mind,
Still lingering in his way.

And one, a sweetly graceful maid,
Cast in soft beauty's mould,
Still rich in charms that could not fade—
The soul can ne'er grow old.
One, whom he left a budding child,
Now into flower blown,
A *Marguerite of the prairie* wild,
To womanhood had grown.

And one for whom his heart had yearned,
When she was young and free,
Did kindly greet him, home returned,
With grandson on her knee; [brow,
While "troops of friends" with beaming
Did warmly grasp his hand;
And he, at last, is happy now,
In his own native land.

A land, alas, by factions torn,
By bigotry and strife,
By jealousies and hatreds worn,
With superstitious rife;
Yet still a land of priceless worth,
Where first he saw the light;
The loveliest, dearest land on earth,
In Mistress Grundy's spite.

BOSCAWEN.

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

ROTATION OF CROPS.

Clover Sod for Wheat.

A man who formerly lived in my neighborhood, and who was widely reputed for his great success in farming, especially in the cultivation of wheat, so managed the rotation of his crops as always to sow most of his wheat on land which had been in clover sod. His farm contained one hundred and twenty acres of land, of limestone soil, divided in eight fields of equal size. Three fields he sowed with wheat, two of which were clover sod. One of these sod fields he thus sowed before harvest, as soon as the hay had been gathered therefrom; the other, which had been kept for pasture he plowed immediately after harvest. The third field, which was corn stubble, he plowed the last of May, immediately after corn-planting. To this last field he always applied a kiln of lime, about eight hundred four-horse wagon loads. Each of these fields were harrowed immediately after being plowed the first time, and at the proper season they were each cross-plowed and prepared for seeding, and the wheat was sown from the first to the middle of September. The two wheat fields, which had been the most recently manured, he sowed in the spring with cloverseed, at the rate of one bushel of seed to four acres. The other wheat field, after harvest, he plowed and sowed with rye; and the rye stubble field he planted in the spring with corn. By this system of rotation of crops, he cultivated every year three fields with wheat, one with rye, one with corn, and two with clover. His wheat crop, in very favorable seasons often exceeded fifteen hundred bushels a year, and was seldom less than one thousand. His rye crop amounted to about four hundred bushels a year, and his corn crop to about five hundred bushels. With this small farm, which he inherited, he commenced the world, and died a few years ago at the age of sixty-five, one of the wealthiest men of the township, and after having sustained some very heavy pecuniary losses. This system of rotation in his crops he adopted at the commencement of his farm operations, and closely adhering to it always afterwards, and with so much success that many of the more observing and enterprising farmers of his neighborhood followed his example in this respect, and still continue to practice the same system. I am confirmed in the opinion, from my own experience and observation, that there is nothing equal to a good clean clover sod plowed under for wheat. To prepare it properly for wheat, after the first plowing, it should have a light dressing with lime, and in crossing, it should be plowed very shallow, so as not to turn up or disturb the sod. I think land managed and cultivated in this manner will not fail in general to yield much better crops than can be obtained by the usual method of plowing down oat stubble, and, at great labor and expense, heavily liming and manuring the land. Oats are considered to be an exhausting crop to the soil, and where that grain is sown, a crop of clover should immediately follow it, and by plowing the clover under, the land will be in a condition to yield a good crop of wheat, or of any other kind of grain without manure. OBSERVER.

New Jersey, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WINTER AND ITS USES.

Winter, with all its frosts, and snows, and storm-clouds is with us; and while we are reluctantly submitting to the terrors of its icy reign, and proffering our many complaints of its severity, it would be well for us to take a view from another standpoint than that selected by our ever complaining natures, to count its many uses and blessings, as well as mourn over the privations that it brings in its train; to take, as it were, the balance-sheet of its doings, and casting up the account see if the column of benefits vouchsafed to us by its annual visits does not greatly preponderate. With the interests of the farmer especially winter has much to do. It is to him an earnest of abundant harvests in the future, a renovator of his soil, a season of rest. To the eye of the farmer, the snow does not merely appear a beautiful mantle to cover the deformities of earth; to sparkle in the sunlight and reflect in its purity the beauty of the heavens by night; it has a greater significance, a more important mission to fulfil. It clothes his grain, and thus protects it from the too severe action of the frosts. The tiny blade and embryonic germ lie safely enshrined beneath their fleecy covering, and when the warm breath of spring bids it depart, burst forth with renewed strength and vigor from their long repose. The frosts, too, have a task to accomplish—a very beneficial duty to perform. After the parching suns and arid heat of summer have passed, the soil is left hard and almost impenetrable; but the powerful though silent action of the "Frost King" is more successful than the plowshare of the farmer. The compact earth is heaved again and again by the repeated freezing, until its wonted mellowness has returned; until its pores are re-opened to admit the fertilizing rains; until it is again rendered arable, and the husbandman trustingly commits his seed to its bosom. The prolonged and dreary rains of this season, although dreaded so much, and importuned so beseechingly to depart, serve a wise and necessary purpose. The cooling fountain that slakes the traveller's thirst; the pebbly well that the weary laborer seeks; the mountain rill, whose gurgling stream attracts the panting cattle of the field at the noontide hour, all owe their existence to these dismal rains. It is these protracted winter rains that fill up the reservoirs from whence they all draw their supplies. Winter is to the farmer a season of comparative repose. True, his cattle claim his daily and watchful attention; the repairs of his farming implements, his fences and buildings are to be attended to; and his plans for another summer's operations are to be matured. Yet there are many leisure hours in the long sojourn of winter—hours fraught with golden opportunities for his social and mental improvement. Then, brother farmers, in view of all these benefits, let us murmur no more. Let it be no longer so truthfully predicated of us that we are a class of grumblers. Let us behold in every storm that clouds our skies, promises of rich blessings in the future. Let us be interpreters of Nature. Let us read in every frost, in every snow, in every rain; yea, in all the phenomena that is taking place in the physical world around us, repeated assurances of beneficent kindness vouchsafed to us. S. R. P.

Parkesburg, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

FARM YARDS.

I have travelled much in my own and other neighborhoods and cannot help regretting the great want of care that should be bestowed on this most important part in farming. How often have I seen stock up to their knees in manure from morning till night. It is one great promoter of foul hoof in cattle letting them stand in filthy stables and barnyards. Wet barnyards have nothing in their favor and much against them. First, with the farmer himself in walking over his yard arranging his cattle and distributing his feed, how disagreeable it must be; then the great loss from soakings away and what passes off in the air, the very best portion of which is lost. Now I recommend to farmers as a remedy for all this, which need not cost much, and thereby save in a short time the whole labor and cost, to cover their yards either with straw-fodder sheds, or erect posts at suitable distances, cover with caps or string pieces, then lay fence rails across, on which stack fodder and straw, which, if done properly, will turn most of the water off and leave the yard comparatively dry. I write this from expetience (none of your book farming), and while writing the ground is covered with snow, and my barnyard perfectly clear and dry. I have it completely covered over—one half with boards, the other half with straw—size, 56 by 80 feet, secure from wind and weather, having my yard boarded horizontally up to stack and roof. Some may object to housing stock so completely in; that they should have the benefit of the sun's rays in the winter season, to which I do not object; but turn them out in the field in fair weather, and in cold, windy, stormy weather they soon seek the shelter. Mine have free access to both, and prefer staying in the yard the greater part of the day. Try it, brother farmers, it will cost but little, and the profits resulting therefrom will be manifold. P.

Chester County, Pa.

HOW TO KEEP APPLES.

Late last spring we were enjoying apples picked and packed the previous October, says the New York American Agriculturist, in Western New York. They were as fresh and juicy as the day they were put in the barrels. The secret of their long keeping is worth knowing by all Eastern people who order their fruit from the West, and who have lost much by the bruising of the apples on their long journey. They were packed, when they were shipped in oats, and have been kept in a close, upper room through the winter. The advantages of this method are several. You get oats for about thirty per cent. less than the price in the eastern market. These are handy for the horse, if you keep one, and for the hens, if your stock is limited to a few fowls. They preserve the apples from all bruises on their passage, by rail for canal, which is impossible without something to fill up the crevices. As the freight is so much per barrel, there is no additional charge for the oats. The oats are a great safeguard against rotting, where the apples are kept in a close, tight room, without fire. The close room, and the still closer envelope of the barrel and the oats, guard against the sudden changes of temperature so common in our winter climate. With the thermometer at zero out of doors, they will not freeze. If they should be frosted a little, it is drawn out so gradually by the oats, that they are not injured. We have never seen any method so satisfactory as this for transporting apples, and none better for preserving them in good condition until Spring.

But in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. A friend of ours has just presented us with a dish of his apples, which are very well kept in his way. He packs them in tight barrels, in the orchard, in the Fall, with the *dry* leaves of the apple trees, a layer of apples, and a layer of leaves. This keeps them from bruising, and the leaves absorb the moisture, and prevent rotting. His barrels stand in a chamber, and do not freeze through the winter. This method works admirably with him, and is certainly worth trying by those who raise their own apples. (We have known apples packed in leaves, the barrels subjected to very rough handling, to be opened in London, sounder, fresher, and of better flavor, than any imported apples which the person to whom they were consigned had ever before seen, so he reports.)

It is a matter of very great importance to be able to keep this fruit through into the spring months, in good condition. It is not only a comfort in the family, but adds much to the profits of the orchard. A hundred barrels of winter fruit, worth but $200 in October, will frequently bring $400 or more in March or April. It is by particular attention to such small items as these that a farmer gets ahead in the world.

DON'T BUY A POUND OF BUTTER.

Buy a firkin or a pail of it at a time, now that cool weather allows of its being kept sweet for a long period. This advice is intended for that very large class of our readers who live in cities and villages, many of whom buy their butter at the grocery only as it is needed from day to day. This is an extravagant practice. Butter, for which the farmer would gladly receive from sixteen to twenty cents, according to the season, costs the purchaser from twenty to twenty-five cents by the small quantity. But, aside from this, grocery butter is seldom of as good quality as that purchased directly from the producer. Dairymen and women are really not as particular with butter "for the store" as with that made for private customers. "What is the use of *my* taking pains," says Mrs. Perkins, "when my butter will be put with Mrs. Slack's, and Mrs. Hasty's, and a dozen more lots of poor stuff. It won't bring any more, and I shall get no credit." But order a pail from Mrs. Perkins, and she knows that unless it be good, she will hear from it. Then, too, the butter for sale at the grocer's has often been brought from a distance, exposed to the heat, and in retailing, it is opened to the air, and subjected to the not over-nice manipulations of the clerk in weighing, etc., and by the time it reaches the table its glory is departed. Almost all our readers have some acquaintance in the country from whom they can engage a supply of butter for the winter. Now is the time to do it. Butter made from the sweet after-growth of the meadows, before the frost has partially withered the grass, and while the weather is cool, if properly worked and packed, will keep sweet until next spring. Send to such an acquaintance an order for what will be needed, with directions to have it packed in stone jars, or in new sweet firkins, and you will rejoice in your foresight over every plate of well-buttered "buckwheats" during the winter.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

FAST-TROTTING vs. DRAUGHT HORSES.

It is evident to me that in our stock-raising community the greatest errors are committed by our farmers in raising for the market a class of horses evidently adapted to farm use alone. Fast trotting-horses bring in the market, on an average, double the amount received for those of greater weight and muscle though with less symmetrical proportions.

I know a farmer living near the city who invariably kept on hand and for sale a number of young horses of his own raising, and having fallen into the *common error*, they were all of the kind generally purchased for heavy draught horses, and commanded in the market an average price of *one hundred dollars*. By some chance he obtained a young horse of matchless symmetry. A horse-trader from the city admiring him, offered one hundred dollars. The farmer thinking he was getting a great bargain in selling a *light* horse for as much as a *heavy* one, immediately accepted the offer of the trader, who in one month received for the horse two hundred and fifty dollars, and is today one of the fastest trotting horses in Springfield. The farmer's eyes were opened to his own interests, and having subsequently reared a lot of the proper proportions and stock, he is now as famous for his *fast* horses as he was formerly for his *draught* horses, and receives a price of from fifty to one hundred dollars per head more than formerly. Stock raisers, "go thou and do likewise." J. L. E.

Petersburg, Ill., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

HOW TO BUD TREES.

The best time to bud trees is in the spring of the year. Some prefer to bud in the fall; but I think, all things considered, the spring is the best time to perform this operation. Trees ought not to be budded until they are at least three years old. The mode which I generally pursue is as follows: Cut a flower bud (which may always be known by its being shorter and rounder than the leaf buds) from the tree of your choice, leaving a stem attached to it about three inches in length. Now divide the stem through its length, leaving the bud on one part. Next make a perpendicular slit in the bark of the tree at the distance of five or six inches from the ground. At the top of the slit make another at right angles with it, an inch in length. Now place the bud in the long slit, with the split side of the stem touching the wood of the tree, and the ends of it carefully covered by the bark. Now take a piece of yarn and wrap it around the tree and over the bud to hold it in its place. At the end of the summer, if the bud has been well set, it will have grown to the height of a foot. Then cut the tree off at the distance of two or three inches above the bud, and the process is complete. Care should be taken during the operation to not injure the wood of the tree more than possible. C. S. B.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

HOG CHOLERA.

A disease called *hog cholera* has prevailed in this section for nearly eighteen months past, which has been alarmingly fatal with hogs. I thing more than ten thousand dollars' worth of hogs have died with "hog cholera" within a few miles of this place during that time. Various remedies have been applied for its cure with varied success; when fed with ashes and salt, in moderate portions, in their feed, it seems to have a good effect, and has probably saved many hogs. Copperas is a remedy of some value, given in about a teaspoonful portion to a hog, say once a week; and several other remedies have been used with some success; but the greatest remedy, I think, which has been used lately with almost unvaried success, is spirits of turpentine or *Oleum Terebinthinale*, used about a common sized tablespoonful at a time poured on along the spinal column, especially about the hips over the region of the kidneys.

Two of my neighbors, who each have a large stock of and deal largely in hogs, have told me that they have used this remedy with complete success—not having lost one hog to which this remedy has been applied. One of them had a lot of eighty large hogs, which all appeared to be affected more or less with cholera; the turpentine was applied to them as above stated, and all recovered and did well—about a tablespoonful for a large hog, and in that proportion for smaller ones, according to size; if the hog is very sick it should be applied three times a day in that way, but in ordinary cases one or two applications are sufficient.

I think this is a remedy of great value; some of your readers may be apprised of it, but I presume many of them are not. I send it to you with the hope that if you see proper to publish it in your valuable journal much good may be done thereby. T. C.

King's Creek, Champaign Co., Ohio, 1862.

CONDITION OF WESTERN FARMERS.

Western papers complain bitterly of the hardships to which farmers are subject, from the low price obtained for most kinds of produce, notwithstanding the depreciation of paper currency as compared with former years, and the enhanced cost of all they consume. After giving a table showing prices now and two years ago, the St. Louis Republican says:

"The above, which exhibits actual prices in 1860 and 1861, comparing articles of farm produce with those of the farmer's consumption, shows some interesting facts. It shows that with the exception of three articles, the great bulk of wheat is raised on the farm has, within two years, lowered from thirty-five to seventy per cent., or an average of forty-three per cent. On oats, which is high on account of short crop, on rye, of which but little is raised, and on barley, of which the product is greatly less than of corn and wheat, there is an average rise of twenty per cent. Allowing for this rise, the average per centage of loss is thirty-six per cent. That is, for most of the farm articles which are raised in Illinois and Missouri, the farmer gets now only sixty-four cents, where he got two years ago one hundred.

"While all the produce raised by five-sixths of the farmers of Illinois and Missouri—and the same may be said of Iowa and Wisconsin—has greatly fallen in price, all that they consume has greatly risen. Upon the articles above enumerated, the rise has been from 5 to 140 per cent. The average rise is 77. That is, the farmer pays one dollar and seventy-seven cents for what two years ago cost him one dollar.

"Now, if his produce had risen in the same proportion, there would be nothing to say about the matter. Even had it stood still, the case would not have been as hard as it is. But in fact, while everything the farmer has to buy has advanced, nearly everything he has to sell has receded. Let us see, by a little attention to detail, how he fares. He gets, we have seen, 64 cents now where he got one dollar a year ago. He pays $1 77 now, where he paid one dollar a year ago. The difference then is *one dollar and thirteen cents* against him in every dollar of his exchanges of what he sells for what he buys. That is, he must now pay $2 13 for what cost him then one dollar, if he exchanges, as of course he must, his produce or goods. To illustrate the hardship: Suppose the farmer wanted to buy brown sheetings with corn two years ago, and wants to make the same exchange now. Two years ago he could have paid for forty yards of that sheeting with seven bushels of corn. To-day, he cannot pay for it without giving nearly thirty bushels of corn.

"We have gone along on the supposition that the farmer received two years ago, and receives now, the whole price paid for his corn at the place of delivery in the great Western market. For purposes of comparison between the two periods, this supposition answers well enough. But, in point of fact, the farmer gets only about a third of this whole price, since the other two-thirds are chargeable with costs of carriage, commissions and other incidental expenses.

"We, therefore, cordially concur in the sentiments of our contemporary of the Prairie Farmer. We think that those who manufacture for farmers' use—especially manufacturers who hold patents, and, in ordinary times, have made large profits, and can still continue to make large profits without advancing their rates—ought to abstain from increasing the pressure on the shoulders of the overburdened farmers. In some cases, we admit, the manufacturers must, in order to save themselves, impose the Government duty on their customers. But this cannot be necessary in all instances. In many cases the manufacturers can afford to bear the whole, or at least a portion, of the tax. At any rate, the farmers are not in a situation to pay, not only their own taxes, but those of all from whom they, in ordinary times, make purchases. Unless there is a great rise in their produce, indeed, they must, to a very considerable extent, forego the use of many comforts they have heretofore been accustomed to, and also of farm machinery and labor. The consequences will be a curtailment of farm operations. And, perhaps, after all, only in this way can the prices of farm produce be made reasonably remunerating."

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

FOOD FOR COWS.—I noticed some inquiries in the "Dollar Newspaper" of December 2d, which I thought I would answer. First, What Food is best for Milch Cows. We have always kept a dairy since we commenced farming (which is a good many years), and have experimented considerably in feeding, and have come to the conclusion that timothy pasture is much better than clover; it will yield more butter and of a better quality. In addition to this sow a piece of corn; if your land is rich sow it broadcast, if not, in drills two feet apart, and when your cows begin to fail in milk, in the warm weather, cut some and give them every day; in this way you can keep them giving a large quantity of milk through the warm weather, and milk that will make the butter too; and the remainder of the corn which is left after the warm weather, cut when quite green, and cure carefully for winter use. You will in this way have the best food for cows of which I have any knowledge. In addition to this you may give them some meal of some kind—oat and corn meel mixed is very good, and a little hay by way of variety, and if your cows do not thrive well and give plenty of milk, I shall be very much mistaken.

One of your correspondents wishes to know how to make hard soap without boiling. I do not think it can be made in winter, but in the summer you can make it easily. Prepare some strong ley, pour it on the grease, set it in the sun, and stir it thoroughly every morning; in about two weeks you will have good soap without boiling,

A correspondent wishes to know how to kill rats and mice. A little arsenic on some bread and butter, or Mr. Duboy's French Rat Exterminator, the directions of which come with the box, will do it effectually. WESTERN FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

PICKLING.—This branch of domestic economy comprises a great variety of articles which are essentially necessary to families. In pickling, all brass or copper utensils should be avoided.

TO PICKLE ONIONS.—Put a sufficient quantity into salt and water for nine days, observing to change the water; next put them into jars, and pour fresh boiling salt and water over them, cover up until cold; then make a second preparation of salt and water and pour it on boiling. When cold, put in wide-mouthed bottles, fill up with distilled vinegar, cork them well and put in a dry place.

TO PICKLE SALMON.—Boil the fish gently till done, then take it up, strain the liquor, add bay leaves, pepper-corn and salt; boil these, and when cold add the best vinegar to them; then put the whole over the fish sufficiently to cover it, and let it remain at least a month.

TO PICKLE MUSHROOMS.—Bruise a sufficient quantity of well-grown flaps of mushrooms with the hands, then strew salt over them; let them stand all night, and next day put into stewpans and set in a quick oven for twelve hours; afterwards strain. To every gallon of liquor put in one-half ounce, each, of cloves, pepper and ginger, and one-half pound of common salt; then boil down one-half, and bottle for use as soon as cold. ATHALIA.

CORN PONE.—One pint of milk, two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a tablespoonful of yeast, and corn meal sufficient to make a thick batter; scald the meal with the milk, and let it stand until milk warm before mixing the other ingredients; let it rise before baking.

WESTERN HOUEEKEEPER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TO IMPROVE SANDY SOILS.

The defect in such soils is chiefly of this sort: They are mechanically defective, being so light and porous that they cannot retain moisture or manure if applied. Besides, they are generally wanting in various important elements of plant growth. Therefore, to improve them, we must endeavor to supply the radical defects. The first point can be gained by spreading a coat of clay over the surface and dragging it in. This will improve its texture and also impart fertility. Adhesiveness and strength having been gained, manure from the barnyard may be applied as fast as it can be procured. Another method is to dress such lands with very rough composts. Prepare the heaps at leisure in the barnyard. The ingredients may be such as these: ten loads of stable dung mixed with five loads of clayey soil, twenty bushels of ashes, and the same amount of lime. After these articles have been well incorporated, let the mass lie for a month or two, when it will be ready for use. Such a compost, it is easy to see, will be more enduring and better in all respects than the same bulk of barnyard manure. It will improve the quality of the land permanently, and will enrich it with a fertility which will be very lasting. On every farm of the kind here supposed there should be one or more compost heaps of some sort *constantly* building. NOTTER.

Philadelphia, 1862.

THE FIRST SHOES.

Wife, keep those shoes with the shape of his feet in them,
Restless, small feet that we'd never have still,
Through all your years to come, visions how sweet in them,
Dreamings, how priceless, your fancy will fill;
Treasure them; some dreams are more than all pleasure,
Life's ever giving our hearts to enjoy;
Few things that ever you'll prize wife, as treasures,
So dear will be as these shoes of our boy.
Worn is each little sole; blessed was the wearing,
Smoothing them so, at which glad tears you wept,
Those wavering weak steps that caused you such caring,
Those tiny steps that our baby first stept;
Wife, to our hearts, what a joy beyond telling
Were those dear totte.ings, half boldness, half fear,
All the joy then that our proud hearts was swelling,
Whene'er we see them, with us will be here.
Bolder those small shoes were, ere he outgrew them;
Firm was the foot-tread at last that they knew,
When mother's eyes to her stooping kiss drew them,
With that wrapt gaze that still locked him to you;
Seeing them, ah! in the garden I've found him,
Busy and bustling as ant or as bee;
Glad as the butterfly flitting around him,
Babbles my baby again up to me.
Treasure them, brood o'er them—oh, how dear to you,
Will those small memories in after years prove,
Should it be God's will those eyes that so knew you,
You in this life below no more can love.
Then shall the sight of those be a spell raising
Up to your gaze again, dim through your tears,
That little lost form to gladden your gazing,
Bidding that small tongue again bless your ears
Ah! if in years to come—oh! God forbid it—
We must with trembling and tears tell his name,
Fear his grown face, and half wish God had hid it
Cold in the coffin before it knew shame,
These shall be balm to the sorrows that wring you;
Over these, tears, not all sad, you shall rain,
These his dear baby-face sinless shall bring you,
That you may love him all spotless again.
Far be such thoughts from us; none such we're fearing.
Ever, dear, for him, our darling, our joy;
God will his mother's prayers always be hearing,
Hearing his father's prayers, prayed for our boy.
But oh, dear wife of mine, these shoes, we'll keep them;
Grown-up, he'll laugh at what he used to use;
Tears but of pride and joy only shall steep them,
When, a man, with us he sees his first shoes.

THE REBELLION.

PRINCE DE JOINVILLE ON THE WAR

What he Thinks of our Armies and the Volunteer System.

Prince de Joinville, who, with his two nephews, the Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres, made the campaign of the Potomac, has been furnishing to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a description of the two armies, with some criticisms upon our volunteer system. The following extracts are interesting:—

ORGANIZATION OF THE FEDERAL ARMY.

According to American law the U. S. Government maintains, in time of peace, a permanent, regular army. It may, besides, in case of necessity, war or insurrection, call to its standards as many regiments of volunteers as it may deem expedient. The regular army, formed by recruiting, only numbered 20,000 men before the secession. The officers, educated exclusively at the military school, were remarkable. Well educated, versed practically in their profession, comprehending the necessity of absolute command, they maintained in their small troop the most vigorous discipline. They was an excellent nucleus for an army; but the rebellion brought with it its desolation, as I have before remarked. The greater part of the officers—more than three hundred—passed over to the South. The soldiers—all Irish or German almost to the dregs of Texas, were dispersed. From two to three thousand men, at most, returned from California or Utah to take part in the war. The best of this was the return of a certain number of officers who might preside over the organization—such as it was—of the army of volunteers about to be raised. In Europe, where we have learned to recognize the comparative value of the regular soldier, and of this costly and capricious amateur soldier, who is called a volunteer, the loss of the aid of the regular army, small as it was, would have brought distraction, and we would have set to work to increase the army by enlarging its organization and incorporating recruits. An army of sixty thousand regulars would have done more than double or triple the number of volunteers, but in America, they do not know that, and, besides, they do not want to know it. That would be a renunciation of the general creed, which is so deeply rooted that every American when he wishes to do a thing finds within himself, without any apprenticeship, the power to do it; and, consequently, there is no volunteer who, in putting on the uniform, does not at the same time put on the qualities of a soldier. Add to this that the West Point officers, by the sole fact that they have received a superior education and recognize the necessity of a hierarchy, are regarded as aristocrats, and everything aristocratic is bad.

Such officers were good with the mercenaries who consented to obey them, and under the orders to keep the peace against the frontier tribes of Indians; but to place under their command a great army, pliant to the subordination of the camps, was to run the risk of grave political dangers. An eighteenth Brumaire is not made with volunteers. Therefore, having to create everything, it was decided to create an army of volunteers—an ephemeral army, comparatively inefficient, and, above all, ruinous. The American volunteer is richly paid. His pay is $13—more than 65 francs—per month. Besides that, an allowance of $8 per month is paid to his wife during his absence; and this, it may be said in passing, has brought about many sudden marriages at the moment of departure for the army. Ordinarily there are no deductions from his pay for clothing or other supplies. The volunteer is provided with everything, and is supplied so liberally with rations, that he daily throws away part of them. Imagine what such an army must cost, and that, even at this expense, the country is well served. It is not so however. It is ill served for want of discipline, not that military laws and regulations were not severe enough; but they were not applied, and could not be, in consequence of the primary organization of the regiment and of the composition of its officers. And here we come to the essential vice of an American army.

VICES OF THE VOLUNTEER SYSTEM.

How is a regiment of volunteers actually formed? As soon as Congress has voted the number of men, they calculate at Washington the quota which each State must furnish, according to its resources and population. This calculation being made, each Governor announces that there are to be so many regiments raised within the limits of his jurisdiction. The regiment, of one battalion only, is the American military unit. Affairs are managed in this way: Some persons present themselves offering to raise a regiment. Each sets forth his claims, his influence in the State or among a certain portion of the population, which will enable him to procure easily the desired number of men, his devotion to the party, &c. From among the persons thus presented the Governor makes his choice. Generally the person upon whom the choice falls has laid it down as a condition precedent that he shall have command of the regiment; and thus Mr. So-and-So, a lawyer or a doctor, never having handled a sword, but feeling within himself an improvised vocation, becomes a Colonel at the start, and puts himself in connection with all the recruiting agencies, and with all the furnishers of equipment and clothing supplies for the future regiment. The next thing is to find the soldiers, and that's the difficulty, for there is a great deal of it, very. They apply to all their comrades, traverse the country, and resort to various plans. That is done quickly and well in America, for they have an inventive mind. Most frequently they find some friends who, seized with the same martial ardor, promise to bring so many recruits if they be made—the one captain, the other lieutenant, another sergeant, and so forth. The framework is formed and partly filled up; it only remains to complete it. It is then that recourse is had to extraordinary measures—to those gigantic posters that set forth in pompous terms all the advantages presented by entering into the corps. They go among the Catholic priests to procure Irishmen, and give the coveted privilege of sutlership to the individual that promises the necessary complement of men. Then the regiment finds itself organized, and the lists are carried to the Governor, who approves everything. The regiment is mustered, clothed, equipped and forwarded by railroad to the seat of war. Sometimes, even frequently, the grades are made to depend on election; but that is generally only a formality, as everything has been arranged beforehand by those interested.

The inconveniences of this system are apparent. The officers, from the colonel down to the lowest in rank, do not know the first word of the military art, and if they have any real aptitude for it and have warlike qualities it remains for them to prove it. The soldiers have no illusion on this point. "They know no more of it than we do; we are well acquainted with them," say they of those who command them. Therefore there is no superiority of knowledge on the part of the officer over the soldier, and no superiority of social position in a country where none is recognized. Most frequently, also, it is with an idea of being a candidate for political office that the officer has taken up arms. It is to make himself a name in the eyes of the voters. And these future voters are the soldiers. What would become of the popularity they expect to enjoy if they were rough to the soldiers, or showed themselves too exacting in the service? From all these causes result the want of authority with officers and the want of respect among soldiers, growing neither out of rank nor discipline. All that has been acquired by force of necessity, and in the school of experience. Even from the beginning there were exceptions to it; some colonels, impelled by a real vocation, or animated by an ardent patriotism, knew how to overcome the obstacles placed in their path.

Sometimes, an officer of the regular army, desirous of distinguishing himself, and having enough of influence in his State, raised a regiment and obtained from it an admirable result. Thus, a young engineer officer named Warren, was marvellously successful with the 5th New York regiment, of which he was colonel. That regiment served as engineers and artillery at the siege of Yorktown, and having again become infantry, conducted itself as the most veteran troops at the battles of the Chickahominy, where it lost half of its force. And yet these were volunteers—but they felt the knowledge and superiority of their chief. Most generally, however, the chief is a comrade, only he wears a different costume. He is obeyed in the everyday routine, but voluntarily. In the same way the soldiers don't trouble themselves about him when circumstances become serious. In the point of view of American equality, there is no good reason to obey him. Besides, in the eyes of the greater number, this title of volunteer does not signify the soldier who devotes himself generously and voluntarily to serve the country or to acquire glory, but rather the well paid soldier, who only does what he wishes and pleases. This is so true, that although the pay and time of service are the same for volunteers and regulars, the recruiting of regulars has become almost impossible. All that class of men who enlisted when they were only regulars, from a taste for camp life, now join the volunteers. On one side license, on the other discipline—the choice is easily made. The habits created by universal suffrage also play their *rôle* and are reproduced on the fields of battle. By a tacit accord the regiment marches against the enemy, advances under fire and begins to shoot; the men are brave, very brave; they are killed and wounded in great number; and then, when by a tacit accord they think they have done enough for military honor, they all march off together. The colonel perhaps attempts to give a direction, an impulse; but generally his efforts are in vain. As to the officers, they never think of it. Why should they attempt it, and why should they be obeyed if the majority of the regiment has made up its mind to retreat? Obedience in this army is like the obedience which children playing at soldier render to him among their comrades whom they have made their captain. Is any argument necessary to show the inconvenience of such a state of things? Nevertheless there were on hand an immense mass of armed men, a multitude of regiments; for the country had responded unanimously and vigorously to the call for volunteers. *Never, we believe, has any nation brought forth, of herself, by her own will, by her sole resources, without coercion of any kind, without governmental pressure, and in such a short space of time, so considerable an armament. Free governments, whatever may be their faults and the excesses to which they may give rise, always preserve an elasticity and creative power which nothing can equal.* Only the vices of organization which we have pointed out diminished singularly the real value of this military gathering.

MCCLELLAN BRINGS ORDER OUT OF CHAOS.

It was to remedy these vices as far as possible that General McClellan and old officers of West Point, who had become, by force of circumstances, Generals of Brigade or of Division, concentrated all their efforts. Regiments were brigaded by fours, and brigades divisioned by threes. To each division four batteries were given, three of them served by volunteers and one by regulars. The latter was to serve as a model for the others, and the captain took the command of all the artillery of the division.

At one time they had the idea of placing a battalion of regulars in each division of volunteers, to play there the *rôle* of "lance head," which Lord Clyde attributes to the European troops in the Sepoy armies; but the idea was abandoned. It appeared impossible to keep together the only really disciplined troops that they possessed; besides, as it was made, the divisional formation was a good one, and has been of very great utility. It became necessary, then, to provide for the administrative services of provisions, munitions and transports, and to organize artillery reserves, the engineer corps, the pontoon corps, the topographical brigade, the telegraphs and the hospitals. This prodigious work was accomplished with an extraordinary rapidity and success. When it is recollected that all was to be created for the first time, that only very few of the officers had ever seen a regiment, and that every person ignorant, except from books, how all these indispensable threads in the conduct of an army were to be managed, and the want of precedent in the matter was complete; but even the number of those who had travelled in Europe and had seen what a great reunion of troops is, was infinitely small. The American army had no other traditions but those of the Mexican campaign, conducted by General Scott—a brilliant campaign, in which there were many difficulties to be overcome, but which was far from presenting the gigantic proportions of the present war. Moreover, at Mexico, General Scott had with him the entire regular army, and here there only remained its feeble ruins. In Mexico, the regulars were the principal, the volunteers were only the accessory, and, as it were the ornament. The old General, who was one day asked what he then did to maintain discipline in the ranks, answered—"Oh, they knew that if they straggled off they would be massacred by the guerrillas." The two cases, therefore, had nothing in common, and the management of these great armies of volunteers, in spite of all the efforts to regularize them, was a problem which presented many unknown datas.

ORGANIZATION OF THE REBEL ARMY.

At the South the organization of the insurrectionary forces presented less difficulties. The revolutionary government had quickly assumed, in the absence of Mr. Jefferson Davis, the dictatorial form sustained by an oligarchy of three hundred slaveholders, of whom he was the choice, and whose violent passions he personified. Mr. Davis had set himself actively at work in the creation of an army suited to contend against the formidable preparations of the United States government. A former pupil of West Point, a former General of volunteers in Mexico, a former Secretary of War in the Union, he had all the requisite conditions to perform his task well. He applied to it his rare capacity. He was seconded by the pick of the former U. S. staff major, by the more military spirit of the Southerners, and also by the concourse of all the adventurers, filibusters and others whom the South always kept, in view of those continual invasions to which slavery condemns her. I have no idea of drawing here a sketch of the separatist army; but I wish to signalize two important differences that characterize its organization compared with that of the North. The officers were chosen and nominated directly by the President, and were sent with the regiments to fill their positions. There was no comradeship between them and the soldiers. The soldiers did not know them and did not regard them as their superiors. They were not men who were subsequently, in private life, to find themselves again their equals. In fine, these officers belonged to that class of slave owners who, living by the labor of their inferiors and accustomed to command them, attached to the soil by the hereditary transmission of the paternal estate and of the black serfs who peopled it, had to a certain extent, the qualities of aristocrats. In their hands the discipline of the army would not suffer. Numerous shootings caused discipline to be respected, and on the day of battle they led their soldiers valiantly, and were valiantly followed. In the second place, Mr. Davis quickly recognized that the volunteer system would be powerless to furnish him with enough men to sustain the fratricidal strife into which he had plunged his country. He came rapidly from that to conscription. Voluntary recruiting was no longer a contract between the soldier and his colonel, or between the soldier and the State, which would still leave a possibility of its being annulled, and which did not bring with it absolute obligations. It was the law, the authority, the power which carried off all able-bodied men and made them march up blindly to what they called the defence of their country. There was no hesitation possible. Bound by the obligation of duty, the soldier became at once more submissive and more disposed to the sacrifice. In the situation in which the South was, these measures were good, and there is no doubt that they contributed at the beginning of the war to procure great advantages to its army. Nevertheless, we are far from reproaching Mr. Lincoln for not having recourse to such violent measures. The leaders of an insurrection recognize no obstacle and are stopped by no scruples when the object is to assure the triumph of their ambitious views, and particularly to escape the consequences of defeat. They draw back before nothing, and have no repugnance to revolutionary expedients; but Mr. Lincoln and his advisers saw the legitimate representatives of the nation, and if it fell to them to suppress a revolt they did not wish, unless in case of absolute necessity, to touch the guarantees which up to that time had made the American people the happiest and freest people of the earth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW THE FRENCH ECONOMIZE.

There are few American families who know exactly the expenses of a year; they know probably that it costs about so many hundred or thousand dollars on the whole. But every European family knows the expenses of every year, of every month, day or hour—the exact cost of every dinner, supper, or breakfast, of every morsel they eat, of every drop that they drink. Every German and French housewife knows, not only how much the meat, potatoes and bread of any meal have cost, but also the value in which she has cooked them, and the coal or wood she has burned to boil the water. It is infinitely amusing to an American to observe such a menage.

In Paris, the city of luxury, of the arts, the home of science and the seat of learning, in the city claiming to be the first in civilization, there is yet no such thing as a water-closet or anything resemb